THE GAMESTER.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:
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M.DCC.LXXI.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM.

SIR,

IT was a very fine Piece of Oratory of a young Lawyer at the Bar, who, as Council againſt a Highwayman, obſerved that the Proſecutor had been robbed of a certain Quantity of Ore, which being purified by Fire, cut into circular Pieces, and impreſſed with the Image of a King and the Arms of a State, brought with it the Neceſſaries, the Conveniences, and the Luxuries of Life. I'll be hang'd, ſays an honeſt Country Gentleman who was

ſtanding by, if this flouriſhing Fool does not mean Money. But if he had ſaid it in one Word, would not all the reſt have been implied?

Just ſuch a Cenſure as this ſhould I deſerve, if in an Addreſs to Mr. *Pelham* I endeavoured to enumerate the Qualities he poſſeſſes. The Characters of great Men are generally connected with their Names; and it is impoſſible for any one to read the Name of Mr. *Pelham*, without connecting with it, in his own Mind, the Virtues of Humanity.

It is therefore ſufficient that I deſire his Acceptance of this Play; that I acknowledge the Obligations I owe him, and that I ſubſcribe myſelf

His moſt grateful,

and

moſt obedient Servant,

EDW. MOORE.

PROLOGUE.

Written and Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

LIKE fam'd *La Mancha*'s Knight, who Launce in Hand
Mounted his Steed to free th' enchanted Land,
Our Quixote Bard ſets out a Monſter taming,
Arm'd at all Points, to fight that Hydra—GAMING.
Aloft on Pegaſus he waves his Pen,
And hurls Defiance at the Caitiff's Den:
The firſt on fancy'd Giants ſpent his Rage,
But This has more than Windmills to engage.
He combats Paſſion, rooted in the Soul,
Whoſe Powers at once delight ye and controul;
Whoſe magic Bondage each loſt Slave enjoys,
Nor wiſhes Freedom, tho' the Spell deſtroys.
To ſave our Land from this MAGICIAN's Charms,
And reſcue Maids and Matrons from his Arms,
Our Knight Poetic comes—And Oh! ye Fair!
This black ENCHANTER's wicked Arts beware!
His ſubtle Poiſon dims the brighteſt Eyes,
And at his Touch, each Grace and Beauty dies.
Love, Gentleneſs and Joy to rage give Way,
And the ſoft Dove becomes a Bird of Prey.
May this our bold Advent'rer break the Spell,
And drive the Dæmon to his native Hell.
Ye Slaves of Paſſion, and ye Dupes of Chance,
Wake all your Pow'rs from this deſtructive Trance!
Shake off the Shackles of this Tyrant Vice:
Hear other Calls than thoſe of Cards and Dice:
Be learn'd in nobler Arts than Arts of Play,
And other Debts than thoſe of Honour pay.
No longer live inſenſible to Shame,
Loſt to your Country, Families and Fame.
Could our romantic Muſe this Work atchieve,
Wou'd there one honeſt Heart in *Britain* grieve?
Th' Attempt, tho' wild, would not in vain be made,
If ev'ry honeſt Hand wou'd lend its Aid.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND,

And Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

ON ev'ry Gameſter in th' *Arabian* Nation,
'Tis ſaid that *Mahomet* denounc'd Damnation:
But in Return for wicked Cards and Dice,
He gave them black-ey'd Girls in Paradiſe.
Should he thus preach, good Countrymen, to You,
His Converts would, I fear, be mighty few.
So much your Hearts are ſet on ſordid Gain,
The brighteſt Eyes around you ſhine in vain.
Shou'd the moſt heav'nly Beauty bid you take her;
You'd rather hold —— *two Aces and a Maker*,
By your Example, our poor Sex drawn in,
Is guilty of the ſame unnat'ral Sin;
The Study now of ev'ry Girl of Parts,
Is how to win your Money, not your Hearts.
O! in what ſweet, what raviſhing Delights,
Our Beaux and Belles together paſs their Nights!
By ardent Perturbations kept awake,
Each views with longing Eyes the other's—Stake.
The Smiles and Graces are from *Britain* flown,
Our Cupid is an errant Sharper grown,
And Fortune ſits on *Cytherea*'s Throne.
In all theſe Things, tho' Women may be blam'd,
Sure Men, the wiſer Men, ſhould be aſham'd!
And 'tis a horrid Scandal, I declare,
That four ſtrange Queens ſhould rival all the Fair;
Four Jilts with neither Beauty, Wit, nor Parts,
O Shame! have got Poſſeſſion of their Hearts;
And thoſe bold Sluts, for all their Queenly Pride,
Have play'd looſe Tricks, or elſe they're much bely'd.
Cards were at firſt for Benefits deſign'd,
Sent to amuſe, and not enſlave the Mind.
From Good to Bad how eaſy the Tranſition!
For what was Pleaſure once, is now Perdition.
Fair Ladies then theſe wicked Gameſters ſhun,
Whoever weds one, is, you ſee undone.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Beverley,	*Mr.* Garrick.
Lewſon,	*Mr.* Moſſop.
Stukely,	*Mr.* Davies.
Jarvis,	*Mr.* Berry.
Bates,	*Mr.* Burton.
Dawſon,	*Mr.* Blakes.
Waiter,	*Mr.* Ackman.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Beverley,	*Mrs.* Pritchard.
Charlotte,	*Miſs* Haughton.
Lucy,	*Mrs.* Price.

MUSEUM HISTLIE

THE GAMESTER.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Beverley *and* Charlotte.

Mrs. *Beverley.* BE comforted, my Dear; all may be well yet. And now, methinks, the Lodgings begin to look with another Face. O Sister! Sister! if these were all my Hardships; if all I had to complain of were no more than quitting my House, Servants, Equipage and Shew, your Pity would be Weakness.

Char. Is Poverty nothing, then?

Mrs. *Bev.* Nothing in the World, if it affected only Me. While we had a Fortune, I was the happiest of the Rich: And now 'tis gone, give me but a bare Subsistance and my Husband's

Smiles, and I'll be the happieſt of the Poor. To me now theſe Lodgings want nothing but their Maſter. Why do you look at me?

Char. That I may hate my Brother.

Mrs. *Bev.* Don't talk ſo, *Charlotte.*

Char. Has he not undone you? —— Oh! this pernicious Vice of Gaming! But methinks his uſual Hours of four or five in the Morning might have contented him; 'twas Miſery enough to wake for him till then. Need he have ſtaid out all Night? I ſhall learn to deteſt him?

Mrs. *Bev.* Not for the firſt Fault. He never ſlept from me before.

Char. Slept from you! No, no, his Nights have nothing to do with Sleep. How has this one Vice driven him from every Virtue! Nay, from his Affections, too! —— The Time was, Siſter——

Mrs. *Bev.* And is. I have no Fear of his Affections. Wou'd I knew that he were ſafe!

Char. From Ruin and his Companions—— But that's impoſſible. His poor little Boy, too? What muſt become of Him?

Mrs. *Bev.* Why Want ſhall teach him Induſtry. From his Father's Miſtakes he ſhall learn Prudence, and from his Mother's Reſignation, Patience. Poverty has no ſuch Terrors in it as you imagine. There's no Condition of Life, Sickneſs and Pain excepted, where Happineſs is excluded. The Huſbandman, who riſes early to his

his Labour, enjoys more welcome Reſt at Night for't. His Bread is ſweeter to him; his Home happier; his Family dearer; his Enjoyments ſurer. The Sun that rouſes him in the Morning, ſets in the Evening to releaſe him. All Situations have their Comforts, if ſweet Contentment dwell in the Heart. But my poor *Beverley* has none. The Thought of having ruin'd thoſe he loves, is Miſery for ever to him. Wou'd I cou'd eaſe his Mind of that!

Char. If he alone were ruin'd, 'twere juſt he ſhou'd be puniſh'd. He is my Brother, 'tis true; but when I think of what he has done; of the Fortune you brought him; of his own large Eſtate too, ſquander'd away upon this vileſt of Paſſions, and among the vileſt of Wretches! O! I have no Patience! My own little Fortune is untouch'd, he ſays. Wou'd I were ſure on't.

Mrs. *Bev.* And ſo you may——'twou'd be a Sin to doubt it.

Char. I will be ſure on't—'twas Madneſs in me to give it to his Management. But I'll demand it from him this Morning. I have a melancholy Occaſion for't.

Mrs. *Bev.* What Occaſion?

Char. To ſupport a Siſter.

Mrs. *Bev.* No; I have no Need on't. Take it, and reward a Lover with it. The generous *Lewſon* deſerves much more. Why won't you make him happy?

Char. Becauſe my Siſter's miſerable.

Mrs. *Bev.* You muſt not think ſo. I have my Jewels left yet. I'll ſell 'em to ſupply our Wants; and when all's gone theſe Hands ſhall toil for our Support. The Poor ſhould be induſtrious——Why thoſe Tears, *Charlotte?*

Char. They flow in Pity for you.

Mrs. *Bev.* All may be well yet. When he has nothing to loſe I ſhall fetter him in theſe Arms again; and then what is it to be poor?

Char. Cure him but of this deſtructive Paſſion, and my Uncle's Death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. *Bev.* Ay, *Charlotte*, cou'd we cure him. But the Diſeaſe of Play admits no Cure but Poverty; and the Loſs of another Fortune wou'd but encreaſe his Shame and his Affliction. Will Mr. *Lewſon* call this Morning?

Char. He ſaid ſo laſt Night. He gave me Hints, too, that he had Suſpicions of our Friend *Stukely.*

Mrs. *Bev.* Not of Treachery to my Huſband? That he loves Play, I know; but ſurely he's honeſt.

Char. He would fain be thought ſo; therefore I doubt him. Honeſty needs no Pains to ſet itſelf off.

Mrs. *Bev.* What now, *Lucy?*

Lucy. Your old Steward, Madam. I had not the Heart to deny him Admittance, the good old Man begg'd ſo hard for't. (*Exit* Lucy.

Enter

Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. *Bev.* Is this well, *Jarvis*? I desired you to avoid me.

Jar. Did you, Madam? I am an old Man, and had forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbad my Tears; but I am old, Madam, and Age will be forgetful.

Mrs. *Bev.* The faithful Creature! how he moves me. (*To* Char.

Char. Not to have seen him had been Cruelty.

Jar. I have forgot these Apartments, too. I remember none such in my young Master's House; and yet I have liv'd in't these five and twenty Years. His good Father would not have dismiss'd me.

Mrs. *Bev.* He had no Reason, *Jarvis.*

Jar. I was faithful to him while he liv'd, and when he dy'd, he bequeath'd me to his Son. I have been faithful to Him, too.

Mrs. *Bev.* I know it, I know it, *Jarvis.*

Char. We both know it.

Jar. I am an old Man, Madam, and have not a long Time to live. I ask'd but to have dy'd with him, and he dismiss'd me.

Mrs. *Bev.* Prithee no more of this! 'Twas his Poverty that dismiss'd you.

Jar. Is he indeed so poor, then? — Oh! he was the Joy of my old Heart —— But must his Creditors have all? — And have they sold his House, too? His Father built it when He was

but

but a prating Boy. The Times that I have carry'd him in theſe Arms! And, *Jarvis*, ſay he, when a Beggar has aſk'd Charity of me, why ſhould People be poor? You ſhan't be poor, *Jarvis*; if I was a King, no-body ſhould be poor. Yet He is poor. And then he was ſo brave! — O he was a brave little Boy! And yet ſo merciful he'd not have kill'd the Gnat that ſtung him.

Mrs. *Bev.* Speak to him, *Charlotte*; for I cannot.

Char. When I have wip'd my Eyes.

Jar. I have a little Money, Madam; it might have been more, but I have lov'd the Poor. All that I have is yours.

Mrs. *Bev.* No, *Jarvis*; we have enough yet. I thank you, though, and will deſerve your Goodneſs.

Jar. But ſhall I ſee my Maſter? And will he let me attend him in his Diſtreſſes? I'll be no Expence to him; and 'twill kill me to be refuſed. Where is he, Madam?

Mrs. *Bev.* Not at Home, *Jarvis.* You ſhall ſee him another Time.

Char. To-morrow, or the next Day—O, *Jarvis!* What a Change is here!

Jar. A Change indeed, Madam! My old Heart akes at it. And yet, methinks — But here's ſomebody coming.

Enter

Enter Lucy *with* Stukely.

Lucy. Mr. *Stukely*, Madam. (*Exit.*

Stu. Good Morning to you, Ladies. Mr. *Jarvis*, your Servant. Where's my Friend, Madam? (*To Mrs.* Bev.

Mr. *Bev.* I ſhould have aſk'd that Queſtion of You. Have you ſeen him To-day?

Stu. No, Madam.

Char. Nor laſt Night?

Stu. Laſt Night! Did he not come Home then?

Mrs. *Bev.* No. Were you not together?

Stu. At the Beginning of the Evening; but not ſince. Where can he have ſtaid?

Char. You call yourſelf his Friend, Sir; why do you encourage him in this Madneſs of Gaming?

Stu. You have aſk'd me that Queſtion before, Madam; and I told you my Concern was that I could not ſave him; Mr. *Beverley* is a Man, Madam; and if the moſt friendly Entreaties have no Effect upon him, I have no other Means. My Purſe has been his, even to the Injury of my Fortune. If that has been Encouragement, I deſerve Cenſure; but I meant it to retrieve him.

Mrs. *Bev.* I don't doubt it, Sir; and I thank you—But where did you leave him laſt Night?

Stu. At *Wilſon*'s, Madam, if I ought to tell; in Company I did not like. Poſſibly he may be there ſtill. Mr. *Jarvis* knows the Houſe, I believe.

Jar.

Jar. Shall I go, Madam?

Mrs. *Bev.* No, he may take it ill.

Char. He may go as from himſelf.

Stu. And, if he pleaſes, Madam, without naming Me. I am faulty myſelf, and ſhould conceal the Errors of a Friend. But I can refuſe nothing here. (*Bowing to the Ladies.*

Jar. I would fain ſee him, methinks.

Mrs. *Bev.* Do ſo, then. But take Care how you upbraid him. I have never upbraided him.

Jar. Wou'd I cou'd bring him Comfort!

(*Exit* Jarvis.

Stu. Don't be too much alarm'd, Madam. All Men have their Errors, and their Times of ſeeing 'em. Perhaps my Friend's Time is not come yet. But he has an Uncle; and old Men don't live for ever. You ſhou'd look forward, Madam; we are taught how to value a ſecond Fortune by the Loſs of a firſt.

(*Knocking at the Door.*

Mrs. *Bev.* Hark! — No—that Knocking was too rude for Mr. *Beverley*. Pray Heaven he be well!

Stu. Never doubt it, Madam. You ſhall be well, too—Every thing ſhall be well.

(*Knocking again.*

Mrs. *Bev.* The Knocking is a little loud, tho'—Who waits there? Will none of you anſwer?—None of you, did I ſay?—Alas! what was I thinking of!—I had forgot myſelf.

Char.

Char. I'll go, Sister——But don't be alarm'd ſo. (*Exit.*

Stu. What extraordinary Accident have you to fear, Madam?

Mrs. *Bev.* I beg your Pardon; but 'tis ever thus with me in Mr. *Beverley*'s Abſence. No one knocks at the Door, but I fancy it is a Meſſenger of ill News.

Stu. You are too fearful, Madam; 'twas but one Night of Abſence; and if ill Thoughts intrude (as Love is always doubtful) think of your Worth and Beauty, and drive 'em from your Breaſt.

Mrs. *Bev.* What Thoughts? I have no Thoughts that wrong my Huſband.

Stu. Such Thoughts indeed would wrong him. The World is full of Slander; and every Wretch that knows himſelf unjuſt, charges his Neighbour with like Paſſions; and by the general Frailty hides his own—If you are wiſe, and wou'd be happy, turn a deaf Ear to ſuch Reports. 'Tis Ruin to believe 'em.

Mrs. *Bev.* Ay, worſe than Ruin. 'Twould be to ſin againſt Conviction. Why was it mention'd?

Stu. To guard you againſt Rumour. The Sport of half Mankind is Miſchief; and for a ſingle Error they make Men Devils. If their Tales reach you, diſbelieve 'em.

Mrs. *Bev.* What Tales? By whom? Why told? I have heard nothing—or if I had, with all his

Errors, my *Beverley*'s firm Faith admits no Doubt——It is my Safety, my Seat of Reſt and Joy, while the Storm threatens round me. I'll not forſake it. (Stukely *ſighs and looks down*) Why turn you, Sir, away? and why that Sigh?

Stu. I was attentive, Madam; and Sighs will come we know not why. Perhaps I have been too buſy—If it ſhould ſeem ſo, impute my Zeal to Friendſhip, that meant to guard you againſt evil Tongues. Your *Beverley* is wrong'd, ſlander'd moſt vilely——My Life upon his Truth.

Mrs. *Bev.* And mine too. Who is't that doubts it? But no Matter —— I am prepar'd, Sir——Yet why this Caution?——You are my Huſband's Friend; I think you mine too; the common Friend of both. *(Pauſes)* I had been unconcern'd elſe.

Stu. For Heaven's Sake, Madam, be ſo ſtill! I meant to guard you againſt Suſpicion, not to alarm it.

Mrs. *Bev.* Nor have you, Sir. Who told you of Suſpicion? I have a Heart it cannot reach.

Stu. Then I am happy —— I would ſay more ——but am prevented.

Enter Charlotte.

Mrs. *Bev.* Who was it, *Charlotte?*

Char. What a Heart has that *Jarvis!* ——A Creditor, Siſter. But the good old Man has taken him away — Don't diſtreſs his Wife! Don't diſtreſs his Siſter! I could hear him ſay. 'Tis

cruel

cruel to diſtreſs the Afflicted——And when he ſaw me at the Door, he begg'd Pardon that his Friend had knock'd ſo loud.

Stu. I wiſh I had known of this. Was it a large Demand, Madam?

Char. I heard not that; but Viſits ſuch as theſe, we muſt expect often.—Why ſo diſtreſs'd, Siſter? This is no new Affliction.

Mrs. *Bev.* No, *Charlotte*; but I am faint with watching——quite ſunk and ſpiritleſs——Will you excuſe me, Sir? I'll to my Chamber, and try to reſt a little.

Stu. Good Thoughts go with you, Madam.

(Exit Mrs. Bev.

My Bait is taken then. *(Aſide.)* Poor Mrs. *Beverley!* How my Heart grieves to ſee her thus!

Char. Cure her, and be a Friend then.

Stu. How cure her, Madam?

Char. Reclaim my Brother.

Stu. Ay; give him a new Creation; or breathe another Soul into him. I'll think on't, Madam. Advice I ſee is thankleſs.

Char. Uſeleſs I am ſure it is, if thro' miſtaken Friendſhip, or other Motives, you feed his Paſſion with your Purſe, and ſooth it by Example. Phyſicians to cure Fevers keep from the Patient's thirſty Lip the Cup that wou'd enflame him; You give it to his Hands—*(a Knocking.)* Hark! Sir—Theſe are my Brother's deſperate Symptoms——Another Creditor.

Stu. One not ſo eaſily got rid of——What, *Lewſon!*

Enter Lewſon.

Lew. Madam, your Servant——Yours, Sir. I was enquiring for you at your Lodgings.

Stu. This Morning? You had Buſineſs then?

Lew. You'll call it by another Name, perhaps. Where's Mr. *Beverley*, Madam?

Char. We have ſent to enquire for him.

Lew. Is he abroad then? He did not uſe to go out ſo early.

Char. No; nor to ſtay out ſo late.

Lew. Is that the Caſe? I am ſorry for it. But Mr. *Stukely*, perhaps, may direct you to him.

Stu. I have already, Sir.—— But what was your Buſineſs with me?

Lew. To congratulate you upon your late Succeſſes at Play. Poor *Beverley!* But you are his Friend; and there's a Comfort in having ſucceſsful Friends.

Stu. And what am I to underſtand by this?

Lew. That *Beverley*'s a poor Man, with a rich Friend—— that's all.

Stu. Your Words wou'd mean ſomething, I ſuppoſe. Another Time, Sir, I ſhall deſire an Explanation.

Lew. And why not now? I am no Dealer in long Sentences. A Minute or two will do for me.

Stu. But not for Me, Sir. I am ſlow of Apprehenſion, and muſt have Time and Privacy. A

Lady's

Lady's Preſence engages my Attention——Another Morning I may be found at Home.

Lew. Another Morning then, I'll wait upon you.

Stu. I ſhall expect you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. (*Exit.*

Char. What mean you by this?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him? Mere Doubt and Suppoſition!

Lew. I ſhall have Proof ſoon.

Char. And what then? Wou'd you riſk your Life to be his Puniſher?

Lew. My Life, Madam! Don't be afraid. And yet I am happy in your concern for me. But let it content you that I know this *Stukely*—'Twou'd be as eaſy to make him honeſt as brave.

Char. And what do you intend to do?

Lew. Nothing, 'till I have Proof. Yet my Suſpicions are well grounded—— But methinks, Madam, I am acting here without Authority. Cou'd I have Leave to call Mr. *Beverley* Brother, his Concerns would be my own. Why will you make my Services appear officious?

Char. You know my Reaſons, and ſhou'd not preſs me. But I am cold, you ſay; and cold I will be, while a poor Siſter's deſtitute —— My Heart bleeds for her! and 'till I ſee her Sorrows moderated, Love has no Joys for me.

Lew.

Lew. Can I be leſs a Friend by being a Brother? I would not ſay an unkind Thing——But the Pillar of your Houſe is ſhaken. Prop it with another, and it ſhall ſtand firm again——You muſt comply.

Char. And will——when I have Peace within myſelf. But let us change the Subject—Your Buſineſs here this Morning is with my Siſter. Misfortunes preſs too hard upon her: Yet till to Day ſhe has borne 'em nobly.

Lew. Where is ſhe?

Char. Gone to her Chamber——Her Spirits fail'd her.

Lew. I hear her coming——Let what has paſs'd with *Stukely* be a Secret——She has already too much to trouble her.

Enter Mrs. Beverley.

Mrs. *Bev.* Good Morning, Sir; I heard your Voice, and as I thought, enquiring for Me——Where's Mr. *Stukely*, *Charlotte?*

Char. This Moment gone——You have been in Tears, Siſter, but here's a Friend ſhall comfort you.

Lew. Or if I add to your Diſtreſſes, I'll beg your Pardon, Madam. The Sale of your Houſe and Furniture was finiſh'd Yeſterday.

Mrs. *Bev.* I know it, Sir. I know too your generous Reaſon for putting me in Mind of it. But you have obliged me too much already.

Lew.

Lew. There are Trifles, Madam, which I know you have ſet a Value on: Thoſe I have purchas'd, and will deliver. I have a Friend too that eſteems you — He has bought largely; and will call nothing his, till he has ſeen you. If a Viſit to him would not be painful, he has begg'd it may be this Morning.

Mrs. *Bev.* Not painful in the leaſt. My Pain is from the Kindneſs of my Friends. Why am I to be oblig'd beyond the Power of Return?

Lew. You ſhall repay us at your own Time. I have a Coach waiting at the Door——Shall we have your Company, Madam? *To* Char.

Char. No. My Brother may return ſoon; I'll ſtay and receive him.

Mrs. *Bev.* He may want a Comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, *Charlotte.* We ſhan't be abſent long——Come, Sir, ſince I muſt be ſo oblig'd.

Lew. 'Tis I that am oblig'd. An Hour or leſs will be ſufficient for us. We ſhall find you at Home, Madam? *To* Char. *and Exit. with Mrs.* Bev.

Char. Certainly. I have but little Inclination to appear abroad — O! this Brother! this Brother! To what Wretchedneſs has he reduc'd us. (*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Stukely's *Lodgings.*

Enter Stukely.

Stu. That *Lewſon* ſuſpects me, 'tis too plain. Yet why ſhou'd he ſuſpect me? — I appear the Friend of *Beverley* as much as he.—But I am rich it ſeems—and ſo I am; Thanks to another's Folly and my own Wiſdom. To what Uſe is Wiſdom, but to take Advantage of the Weak? This *Beverley*'s my Fool; I cheat him, and he calls me Friend——But more Buſineſs muſt be done yet. His Wife's Jewels are unſold; ſo is the Reverſion of his Uncle's Eſtate. I muſt have theſe too——And then there's a Treaſure above all——I love his Wife——Before ſhe knew this *Beverley* I lov'd her; but like a cringing Fool, bow'd at a Diſtance, while he ſtept in and won her——Never, never will I forgive him for't. My Pride, as well as Love, is wounded by this Conqueſt. I muſt have Vengeance. Thoſe Hints, this Morning, were well thrown in——Already they have faſten'd on her. If Jealouſy ſhou'd weaken her Affections, Want may corrupt her Virtue—My Heart rejoices in the Hope—Theſe Jewels may do much. He ſhall demand 'em of her; which, when mine, ſhall be converted to ſpecial Purpoſes——What now, *Bates?*

Enter Bates.

Bates. Is it a Wonder then to ſee me? The Forces are all in Readineſs, and only wait for Orders. Where's *Beverley?*

Stu.

Stu. At laſt Night's Rendezvous, waiting for me. Is *Dawſon* with you?

Bates. Dreſs'd like a Nobleman; with Money in his Pocket, and a Set of Dice that ſhall deceive the Devil.

Stu. That Fellow has a Head to undo a Nation. But for the reſt, they are ſuch low-manner'd, ill-looking Dogs, I wonder *Beverley* has not ſuſpected 'em.

Bates. No Matter for Manners and Looks. Do You ſupply 'em with Money, and they are Gentlemen by Profeſſion—The Paſſion of Gaming caſts ſuch a Miſt before the Eyes, that the Nobleman ſhall be ſurrounded with Sharpers, and imagine himſelf in the beſt Company.

Stu. There's that *Williams*, too—It was He, I ſuppoſe, that call'd at *Beverley*'s with the Note this Morning. What Directions did you give him?

Bates. To knock loud, and be clamorous. Did not you ſee him?

Stu. No. The Fool ſneak'd off with *Jarvis*. Had he appear'd within Doors, as directed, the Note had been diſcharg'd. I waited there on Purpoſe. I want the Women to think well of me; for *Lewſon*'s grown ſuſpicious; he told me ſo himſelf.

Bates. What Anſwer did you make him?

Stu. A ſhort one —— That I wou'd ſee him ſoon, for farther Explanation.

Bates. We muſt take Care of him. But what have we to do with *Beverley? Dawſon* and the reſt are wondering at you.

Stu. Why let 'em wonder. I have Deſigns above their narrow Reach. They ſee me lend him Money; and they ſtare at me. But they are Fools. I want him to believe me beggar'd by him.

Bates. And what then!

Stu. Ay, there's the Queſtion; but no Matter. At Night you may know more. He waits for me at *Wilſon*'s. I told the Women where to find him.

Bates. To what Purpoſe?

Stu. To ſave Suſpicion. It look'd friendly; and they thank'd me. Old *Jarvis* was diſpatch'd to him.

Bates. And may intreat him Home.

Stu. No; he expects Money from me: But I'll have none. His Wife's Jewels muſt go—Women are eaſy Creatures, and refuſe nothing where they love —— Follow to *Wilſon*'s; but be ſure he ſees you not. You are a Man of Character, you know; of Prudence and Diſcretion. Wait for me in an outer Room; I ſhall have Buſineſs for you preſently. Come, Sir;

Let drudging Fools by Honeſty grow great;
The ſhorter Road to Riches is Deceit. (Exeunt.

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE *a Gaming Houſe, with a Table, Box, Dice, &c.*

BEVERLEY *is diſcover'd ſitting.*

BEVERLEY.

WHY, what a World is this! The Slave, that digs for Gold, receives his daily Pittance, and ſleeps contented; while thoſe, for whom he labours, convert their Good to Miſchief; making Abundance the Means of Want. O Shame! Shame!—Had Fortune given me but a little, that little had been ſtill my own. But Plenty leads to Waſte; and ſhallow Streams maintain their Currents, while ſwelling Rivers beat down their Banks, and leave their Channels empty. What had I to do with Play? I wanted nothing. My Wiſhes and my Means were equal. The Poor follow'd me with Bleſſings; Love ſcatter'd Roſes on my Pillow, and Morning wak'd me to Delight——O, bitter Thought! that leads to what I was, by what I am! I wou'd forget both——Who's there?

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. A Gentleman, Sir, enquires for you.

Bev. He might have us'd leſs Ceremony, *Stukely*, I ſuppoſe?

Wait. No, Sir, a Stranger.

Bev. Well, ſhew him in. (*Exit* Waiter. A Meſſenger from *Stukely*, then! from Him that

has undone me!——Yet all in Friendſhip; and now he lends me from his Little, to bring back Fortune to me.

Enter Jarvis.

Jarvis! Why this Intruſion?——Your Abſence had been kinder.

Jar. I came in Duty, Sir. If it be troubleſome—

Bev. It is——I wou'd be private——hid even from myſelf. Who ſent you hither?

Jar. One that wou'd perſuade you Home again. My Miſtreſs is not well; her Tears told me ſo.

Bev. Go with thy Duty there then——But does ſhe weep? I am to blame to let her weep. Prithee begone: I have no Buſineſs for thee.

Jar. Yes, Sir; to lead you from this Place. I am your Servant ſtill. Your proſperous Fortune bleſs'd my old Age. If That has left you, I muſt not leave you.

Bev. Not leave me! Recall paſt Time then; or through this Sea of Storms and Darkneſs, ſhew me a Star to guide me——But what can'ſt Thou?

Jar. The little that I can, I will. You have been generous to me—I wou'd not offend you, Sir—but—

Bev. No. Think'ſt thou I'd ruin Thee, too! I have enough of Shame already——My Wife! My Wife! Woud'ſt thou believe it, *Jarvis?* I

have

have not ſeen her all this long Night——I, who have lov'd her ſo, that every Hour of Abſence ſeem'd as a Gap in Life. But other Bonds have held me——O! I have play'd the Boy! dropping my Counters in the Stream, and reaching to redeem 'em, have loſt myſelf. Why wilt Thou follow Miſery? Or if thou wilt, go to thy Miſtreſs. She has no Guilt to ſting her, and therefore may be comforted.

Jar. For Pity's Sake, Sir!——I have no Heart to ſee this Change.

Bev. Nor I to bear it——How ſpeaks the World of me, *Jarvis?*

Jar. As of a good Man dead. Of one, who walking in a Dream, fell down a Precipice. The World is ſorry for you.

Bev. Ay, and pities me. Says it not ſo? But I was born to Infamy——I'll tell thee what it ſays. It calls me Villain; a treacherous Huſband; a cruel Father; a falſe Brother; one loſt to Nature and her Charities. Or to ſay all in one ſhort Word, it calls me—Gameſter. Go to thy Miſtreſs——I'll ſee her preſently.

Jar. And why not now? Rude People preſs upon her; loud, bawling Creditors; Wretches, who know no Pity——I met one at the Door; he wou'd have ſeen my Miſtreſs. I wanted Means of preſent Payment, ſo promis'd it Tomorrow. But others may be preſſing; and ſhe has Grief enough already. Your Abſence hangs too heavy on her.

Bev.

Bev. Tell her I'll come, then. I have a Moment's Buſineſs. But what haſt Thou to do with My Diſtreſſes? Thy Honeſty has left thee poor; and Age wants Comfort. Keep what thou haſt for Cordials; leſt between thee and the Grave, Miſery ſteal in. I have a Friend ſhall counſel me——This is that Friend.

Enter Stukely.

Stu. How fares it, *Beverley?* Honeſt Mr. *Jarvis*, well met; I hop'd to find you here. That Viper *Williams!* Was it not He that troubled you this Morning?

Jar. My Miſtreſs heard him then?——I am ſorry that ſhe heard him.

Bev. And *Jarvis* promis'd Payment.

Stu. That muſt not be. Tell him I'll ſatisfy him.

Jar. Will you, Sir? Heaven will reward you for't.

Bev. Generous *Stukely!* Friendſhip like yours, had it Ability like Will, wou'd more than ballance the Wrongs of Fortune.

Stu. You think too kindly of me—Make haſte to *Williams*; his Clamours may be rude elſe. (*to* Jar.

Jar. And my Maſter will go Home again—Alas! Sir, we know of Hearts there breaking for his Abſence. (*Exit.*

Bev. Wou'd I were dead!

Stu. Or turn'd Hermit; counting a String of Beads in a dark Cave; or under a weeping Willow,

low, praying for Mercy on the Wicked. Ha! ha! ha!—Prithee be a Man, and leave dying to Diſeaſe and old Age. Fortune may be ours again; at leaſt we'll try for't.

Bev. No; it has fool'd us on too far.

Stu. Ay, ruin'd us; and therefore we'll ſit down contented. Theſe are the Deſpondings of Men without Money; but let the ſhining Ore chink in the Pocket, and Folly turns to Wiſdom. We are Fortune's Children——True, ſhe's a fickle Mother; but ſhall We droop becauſe She's peeviſh? ——No; ſhe has Smiles in Store. And theſe her Frowns are meant to brighten 'em.

Bev. Is this a Time for Levity? But you are ſingle in the Ruin, and therefore may talk lightly of it. With Me 'tis complicated Miſery.

Stu. You cenſure me unjuſtly—I but aſſumed theſe Spirits to cheer my Friend. Heaven knows he wants a Comforter.

Bev. What new Misfortune?

Stu. I wou'd have brought you Money; but Lenders want Securities. What's to be done? All that was mine is yours already.

Bev. And there's the double Weight that ſinks me. I have undone my Friend, too; one, who to ſave a drowning Wretch, reach'd out his Hand, and periſh'd with him.

Stu. Have better Thoughts.

Bev. Whence are they to proceed? — I have nothing left.

Stu.

Stu. (*Sighing*) Then we're indeed undone. What Nothing? No Moveables? Nor uſeleſs Trinkets? Bawbles lock'd up in Caſkets to ſtarve their Owners?—I have ventur'd deeply for you.

Bev. Therefore this Heart-ake; for I am loſt beyond all Hope.

Stu. No; Means may be found to ſave us. *Jarvis* is rich. Who made him ſo? This is no Time for Ceremony.

Bev. And is it for Diſhoneſty? The good old Man! Shall I rob Him too? My Friend wou'd grieve for't. No; let the little that he has, buy Food and Cloathing for him.

Stu. Good Morning, then. (*Going.*

Bev. So haſty! Why then good Morning.

Stu. And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell *Lewſon* ſo; and tell him I have wrong'd you—He has Suſpicions of me, and will thank you.

Bev. No; we have been Companions in a raſh Voyage, and the ſame Storm has wreck'd us both. Mine ſhall be Self-Upbraidings.

Stu. And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have ſold and borrow'd for you, while Land or Credit laſt; and now, when Fortune ſhould be try'd, and my Heart whiſpers me Succeſs, I am deſerted; turn'd looſe to Beggary, while You have Hoards.

Bev. What Hoards? Name 'em, and take 'em.

Stu. Jewels.

Bev.

Bev. And ſhall this thriftleſs Hand ſeize Them too? My poor, poor Wife! Muſt ſhe loſe all? I wou'd not wound her ſo.

Stu. Nor I, but from Neceſſity. One Effort more, and Fortune may grow kind. I have unuſual Hopes.

Bev. Think of ſome other Means, then.

Stu. I have; and you rejected 'em.

Bev. Prythee let me be a Man.

Stu. Ay, and your Friend a poor one. But I have done. And for theſe Trinkets of a Woman, why, let her keep 'em to deck out Pride with, and ſhew a laughing World that ſhe has Finery to ſtarve in.

Bev. No; ſhe ſhall yield up all. My Friend demands it. But need he have talk'd lightly of her? The Jewels that ſhe values are Truth and Innocence——Thoſe will adorn her ever; and for the reſt, ſhe wore 'em for a Huſband's Pride, and to his Wants will give 'em. Alas! you know her not. Where ſhall we meet?

Stu. No Matter. I have chang'd my Mind. Leave me to a Priſon; 'tis the Reward of Friendſhip.

Bev. Periſh Mankind firſt — Leave you to a Priſon! No; fallen as you ſee me, I'm not that Wretch. Nor wou'd I change this Heart, o'ercharg'd as 'tis with Folly and Misfortune, for one moſt prudent and moſt happy, if callous to a Friend's Diſtreſſes.

Stu. You are too warm.

Bev. In ſuch a Cauſe, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell. I'll meet you at your Lodgings.

Stu. Reflect a little. The Jewels may be loſt. Better not hazard 'em——I was too preſſing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up Time. I have no Leiſure for't. Within an Hour expect me. (*Exit.*

Stu. The thoughtleſs, ſhallow Prodigal! We ſhall have Sport at Night, then — But hold — The Jewels are not ours yet — The Lady may refuſe 'em——The Huſband may relent, too — 'Tis more than probable —— I'll write a Note to *Beverley*, and the Contents ſhall ſpur him to demand 'em —— But am I grown this Rogue thro' Avarice? No; I have warmer Motives, Love and Revenge—Ruin the Huſband and the Wife's Virtue may be bid for? 'Tis of uncertain Value, and ſinks, or riſes in the Purchaſe, as Want, or Wealth, or Paſſion governs. The Poor part cheaply with it; rich Dames, tho' pleas'd with ſelling, will have high Prices for't. Your Love-ſick Girls give it for Oaths and Lying. But tender Wives, who boaſt of Honour and Affections, keep it againſt Famine—Why, let Famine come then; I am in haſte to purchaſe.

Enter Bates.

Look to your Men, *Bates*; there's Money ſtirring. We meet To-night upon this Spot. Haſten

ſten and tell 'em ſo. *Beverley* calls upon me at my Lodgings, and we return together. Haſten, I ſay, the Rogues will ſcatter elſe.

Bates. Not 'till their Leader bids 'em.

Stu. Come on, then. Give 'em the Word and follow me; I muſt adviſe with you——This is a Day of Buſineſs. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Beverley's *Lodgings.*

Enter Beverley *and* Charlotte.

Char. Your Looks are chang'd, too; there's Wildneſs in 'em. My wretched Siſter! How will it grieve her to ſee you thus!

Bev. No, no —— a little Reſt will eaſe me. And for your *Lewſon*'s Kindneſs to her, it has my Thanks; I have no more to give him.

Char. Yes; a Siſter and her Fortune. I trifle with him and he complains——My Looks, he ſays, are cold upon him. He thinks too——

Bev. That I have loſt your Fortune——He dares not think ſo.

Char. Nor does he ——You are too quick at gueſſing. He cares not if you had. That Care is mine—I lent it you to huſband, and now I claim it.

Bev. You have Suſpicions, then.

Char. Cure 'em, and give it me.

Bev. To ſtop a Siſter's Chiding.

Char. To vindicate her Brother.

Bev. How if he needs no Vindication?

Char. I wou'd fain hope ſo.

Bev. Ay, wou'd and cannot. Leave it to Time, then; 'twill ſatisfy all Doubts.

Char. Mine are already ſatisfy'd.

Bev. 'Tis well. And when the Subject is renew'd, ſpeak to me like a Siſter, and I will anſwer like a Brother.

Char. To tell me I'm a Beggar.—Why, tell it now. I that can bear the Ruin of thoſe dearer to me, the Ruin of a Siſter and her Infant, can bear that too.

Bev. No more of this—you wring my Heart.

Char. Wou'd that the Miſery were all your own! But Innocence muſt ſuffer—Unthinking Rioter! whoſe Home was Heaven to him; an Angel dwelt there, and a little Cherub, that crown'd his Days with Bleſſings—How he has loſt this Heaven to league with Devils!

Bev. Forbear, I ſay; Reproaches come too late; they ſearch, but cure not: And for the Fortune you demand, we'll talk To-morrow on't; our Tempers may be milder.

Char. Or if 'tis gone, why farewell all. I claim'd it for a Siſter. She holds my Heart in her's; and every Pang ſhe feels tears it in Pieces —But I'll upbraid no more. What Heaven permits, perhaps, it may ordain; and Sorrow then is ſinful. Yet that the Huſband! Father! Brother! ſhould be its Inſtruments of Vengeance! —'Tis grievous to know that.

Bev.

Bev. If you're my Siſter, ſpare the Remembrance —— it wounds too deeply. To-morrow ſhall clear all; and when the worſt is known, it may be better than your Fears. Comfort my Wife; and for the Pains of Abſence, I'll make Atonement. The World may yet go well with us.

Char. See where ſhe comes! —— Look chearfully upon her —— Affections ſuch as her's are prying, and lend thoſe Eyes that read the Soul.

Enter Mrs. Beverley *and* Lewſon.

Mrs. *Bev.* My Life!

Bev. My Love! How fares it? I have been a truant Huſband.

Mrs. *Bev.* But we meet now, and that heals all.—Doubts and Alarms I have had; but in this dear Embrace I bury and forget 'em—My Friend here (*pointing to* Lewſon) has been indeed a Friend. *Charlotte*, 'tis You muſt thank him: Your Brother's Thanks and mine are of too little Value.

Bev. Yet what we have we'll pay. I thank you, Sir, and am oblig'd. I wou'd ſay more, but that your Goodneſs to the Wife, upbraids the Huſband's Follies. Had I been wiſe, ſhe had not treſpaſs'd on your Bounty.

Lew. Nor has ſhe treſpaſs'd. The little I have done, Acceptance over-pays.

Char. So Friendſhip thinks——

Mrs. *Bev.* And double Obligations by ſtriving to conceal 'em —— We'll talk another Time on't. —— You are too thoughtful, Love.

Bev.

Bev. No, I have Reaſon for theſe Thoughts.

Char. And Hatred for the Cauſe——Wou'd you had That, too!

Bev. I have——The Cauſe was Avarice.

Char. And who the Tempter?

Bev. A ruin'd Friend——ruin'd by too much Kindneſs.

Lew. Ay, worſe than ruin'd; ſtabb'd in his Fame, mortally ſtabb'd—Riches can't cure him.

Bev. Or if they cou'd, thoſe I have drain'd him of. Something of this he hinted in the Morning—That *Lewſon* had Suſpicions of him—Why theſe Suſpicions? *(angrily.*

Lew. At School we knew this *Stukely.* A cunning plodding Boy he was, ſordid and cruel. Slow at his Taſk, but quick at Shifts and Tricking. He ſchem'd out Miſchief, that others might be puniſh'd; and wou'd tell his Tale with ſo much Art, that for the Laſh he merited, Rewards and Praiſe were given him. Shew me a Boy with ſuch a Mind, and Time that ripens Manhood in him, ſhall ripen Vice, too—I'll prove him, and lay him open t'you——'Till then be warn'd——I know him, and therefore ſhun him.

Bev. As I wou'd thoſe that wrong him——You are too buſy, Sir.

Mrs. *Bev.* No, not too buſy——Miſtaken, perhaps——That had been milder.

Lew. No Matter, Madam. I can bear this, and praiſe the Heart that prompts it—Pity ſuch Friendſhip ſhou'd be ſo plac'd! *Bev.*

Bev. Again, Sir! But I'll bear, too——You wrong him, *Lewſon*, and will be ſorry for't.

Char. Ay, when 'tis prov'd he wrongs him. The World is full of Hypocrites.

Bev. And *Stukely* one —— ſo you'd infer, I think——I'll hear no more of this——my Heart akes for him——I have undone him.

Lew. The World ſays otherwiſe.

Bev. The World is falſe, then——I have Buſineſs with you, Love. (*to Mrs.* Bev.) We'll leave 'em to their Rancour. (*going.*

Char. No. We ſhall find Room within for't. ——Come this Way, Sir. (*to* Lewſon.

Lew. Another Time my Friend will thank me; that Time is haſtening too. (*Ex.* Lew. *and* Char.

Bev. They hurt me beyond bearing——Is *Stukely* falſe? Then Honeſty has left us! 'Twere ſinning againſt Heaven to think ſo.

Mrs. *Bev.* I never doubted him.

Bev. No; You are Charity. Meekneſs and ever-during Patience live in that Heart, and Love that knows no Change—Why did I ruin you?

Mrs. *Bev.* You have not ruin'd me. I have no Wants when You are preſent, nor Wiſhes in your Abſence but to be bleſt with your Return. Be but reſign'd to what has happen'd, and I am rich beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

Bev. My generous Girl! --- But Memory will be buſy; ſtill crouding on my Thoughts, to ſour the Preſent by the Paſt. I have another Pang, too.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bev.* Tell it, and let me cure it.

Bev. That Friend —— that generous Friend, whoſe Fame they have traduc'd —— I have undone Him too. While he had Means he lent me largely; and now a Priſon muſt be his Portion.

Mrs. *Bev.* No; I hope otherwiſe.

Bev. To hope muſt be to act. The charitable Wiſh feeds not the Hungry——Something muſt be done.

Mrs. *Bev.* What?

Bev. In Bitterneſs of Heart he told me, juſt now he told me, I had undone him. Cou'd I hear that, and think of Happineſs? No; I have diſclaim'd it, while He is miſerable.

Mrs. *Bev.* The World may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's Comfort in that Hope.

Bev. Ay; 'tis the ſick Man's Cordial, his promis'd Cure; while in preparing it the Patient dies.——What now?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A Letter, Sir. *(delivers it and Ex.*

Bev. The Hand is *Stukely*'s.

(opens it and reads it to himſelf.

Mrs. *Bev.* And brings good News——at leaſt I'll hope ſo——What ſays he, Love?

Bev. Why this --- too much for Patience. Yet he directs me to conceal it from you. *(reads.*

"Let

"Let your Haſte to ſee me be the only Proof of
"your Eſteem for me. I have determin'd,
"ſince we parted, to bid Adieu to *England*;
"chuſing rather to forſake my Country, than
"to owe my Freedom in it to the Means we
"talk'd of. Keep this a Secret at Home,
"and haſten to the ruin'd
R. Stukely."

Ruin'd by Friendſhip! I muſt relieve or follow him.

Mrs. *Bev.* Follow him, did you ſay? Then I am loſt, indeed!—

Bev. O this infernal Vice! how has it ſunk me! A Vice, whoſe higheſt Joy was poor to my domeſtic Happineſs. Yet how have I purſu'd it! turn'd all my Comforts to bittereſt Pangs! and all my Smiles to Tears. Damn'd, damn'd Infatuation!

Mrs. *Bev.* Be cool, my Life! What are the Means the Letter talks of? Have you——have I thoſe Means? Tell me, and eaſe me. I have no Life while you are wretched.

Bev. No, no; it muſt not be. 'Tis I alone have ſinn'd; 'tis I alone muſt ſuffer. You ſhall reſerve thoſe Means to keep my Child and his wrong'd Mother from Want and Wretchedneſs.

Mrs. *Bev.* What Means?

Bev. I came to rob you of 'em --- but cannot --- dare not --- Thoſe Jewels are your ſole Support --- I ſhould be more than Monſter to requeſt 'em.

Mrs. *Bev.* My Jewels? Trifles, not worth the ſpeaking of, if weigh'd againſt a Huſband's Peace; but let 'em purchaſe That, and the World's Wealth is of leſs Value.

Bev. Amazing Goodneſs! How little do I ſeem before ſuch Virtues!

Mrs. *Bev.* No more, my Love. I kept 'em 'till Occaſion call'd to uſe 'em; now is the Occaſion, and I'll reſign 'em chearfully.

Bev. Why we'll be rich in Love, then. But this Exceſs of Kindneſs melts me. Yet for a Friend one wou'd do much —— He has deny'd Me nothing.

Mrs. *Bev.* Come to my Cloſet — But let him manage wiſely. We have no more to give him.

Bev. Where learnt my Love this Excellence? —'Tis Heaven's own teaching: That Heaven, which to an Angel's Form has given a Mind more lovely. I am unworthy of you, but will deſerve you better.

Henceforth my Follies and Neglects ſhall ceaſe,
And all to come be Penitence and Peace;
Vice ſhall no more attract me with her Charms,
Nor Pleaſure reach me, but in theſe dear Arms.

(Exeunt.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE Stukely's *Lodgings.*

Enter Stukely *and* Bates.

Stu. SO runs the World, *Bates.* Fools are the natural Prey of Knaves; Nature deſign'd them ſo, when ſhe made Lambs for Wolves. The Laws that Fear and Policy have fram'd, Nature declaims: She knows but two; and thoſe are Force and Cunning. The nobler Law is Force; but then there's Danger in't; while Cunning, like a ſkilful Miner, works ſafely and unſeen.

Bates. And therefore wiſely. Force muſt have Nerves and Sinews; Cunning wants neither. The Dwarf that has it ſhall trip the Giant's Heels up.

Stu. And bind him to the Ground. Why, we'll erect a Shrine for Nature, and be her Oracles. Conſcience is Weakneſs; Fear made it, and Fear maintains it. The Dread of Shame, inward Reproaches, and fictitious Burnings ſwell out the Phantom. Nature knows none of this; Her Laws are Freedom.

Bates. Sound Doctrine, and well deliver'd!

Stu. We are ſincere, too, and practice what we teach. Let the grave Pedant ſay as much.—But now to Buſineſs. The Jewels are diſpos'd of; and *Beverley* again worth Money. He waits to count his Gold out, and then comes hither.

If my Deſign ſucceeds, this Night we finiſh with him. Go to your Lodgings and be buſy—You underſtand Conveyances, and can make Ruin ſure.

Bates. Better ſtop here. The Sale of this Reverſion may be talk'd of—There's Danger in't.

Stu. No, 'tis the Mark I aim at. We'll thrive and laugh. You are the Purchaſer, and there's the Payment *(giving a Pocket-Book.)* He thinks you rich; and ſo you ſhall be. Enquire for Titles, and deal hardly; 'twill look like Honeſty.

Bates. How if he ſuſpects us?

Stu. Leave it to Me. I ſtudy Hearts, and when to work upon 'em. Go to your Lodgings; and if we come, be buſy over Papers. Talk of a thoughtleſs Age, of Gaming and Extravagance; you have a Face for't.

Bates. A Feeling too that wou'd avoid it. We puſh too far; but I have caution'd you. If it ends ill, you'll think of me—and ſo adieu. *(Exit.*

Stu. This Fellow ſins by Halves; His Fears are Conſcience to him. I'll turn theſe Fears to Uſe. Rogues that dread Shame, will ſtill be greater Rogues to hide their Guilt——This ſhall be thought of. *Lewſon* grows troubleſome——We muſt get rid of him.——He knows too much. I have a Tale for *Beverley*; Part of it Truth, too—He ſhall call *Lewſon* to Account—If it ſucceeds, 'tis well; if not, we muſt try other Means—But here he comes—I muſt diſſemble.

Enter

Enter Beverley.

Look to the Door there! *(in a ſeeming Fright)* —My Friend!——I thought of other Viſitors.

Bev. No; Theſe ſhall guard you from 'em—, *(offering Notes)* Take 'em and uſe 'em cautiouſly ——The World deals hardly by us.

Stu. And ſhall I leave you deſtitute? No: Your Wants are the greateſt. Another Climate may treat me kinder. The Shelter of To-night takes me from this.—

Bev. Let theſe be your Support then——Yet is there need of Parting? I may have Means again; we'll ſhare 'em, and live wiſely.

Stu. No. I ſhou'd tempt you on. Habit is Nature in me; Ruin can't cure it. Even now I wou'd be gaming. Taught by Experience as I am, and knowing this poor Sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing ſtill——And ſay I am to blame——Yet will this Little ſupply our Wants? No; we muſt put it out to Uſury. Whether 'tis Madneſs in me, or ſome reſtleſs Impulſe of good Fortune, I yet am ignorant; but——

Bev. Take it, and ſucceed then. I'll try no more.

Stu. 'Tis ſurely Impulſe; it pleads ſo ſtrongly ——But you are cold——We'll e'en part here then. And for this laſt Reſerve, keep it for better Uſes; I'll have none on't. I thank you tho', and will ſeek Fortune ſingly——One Thing I had forgot——

Bev. What is it?

Stu.

Stu. Perhaps, 'twere beſt forgotten. But I am open in my Nature, and zealous for the Honour of my Friend——*Lewſon* ſpeaks freely of you.

Bev. Of You I know he does.

Stu. I can forgive him for't; but for my Friend I'm angry.

Bev. What ſays he of Me?

Stu. That *Charlotte*'s Fortune is embezzled ——He talks on't loudly.

Bev. He ſhall be ſilenc'd then——How heard you of it?

Stu. From many. He queſtion'd *Bates* about it. You muſt account with Him, he ſays.

Bev. Or He with Me——and ſoon, too.

Stu. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are beſt.

Bev. I'll think on't—But whither go you?

Stu. From Poverty and Priſons——No Matter whither. If Fortune changes you may hear from me.

Bev. May theſe be proſperous, then. [*offering the Notes, which he refuſes*] Nay, they are your's ——I have ſworn it, and will have nothing—— Take 'em and uſe 'em.

Stu. Singly I will not. My Cares are for my Friend; for his loſt Fortune, and ruin'd Family. All ſeparate Intereſts I diſclaim. Together we have fall'n; together we muſt riſe. My Heart, my Honour, and Affections, all will have it ſo.

Bev. I am weary of being fool'd.

Stu.

Stu. And ſo am I—Here let us part, then—Theſe Bodings of Good-fortune ſhall all be ſtifled; I'll call 'em Folly, and forget 'em——This one Embrace, and then farewel. *(offering to embrace.*

Bev. No; Stay a Moment—How my poor Heart's diſtracted! I have theſe Bodings too; but whether caught from You, or prompted by my good or evil Genius, I know not——The Trial ſhall determine—And yet, my Wife.

Stu. Ay, ay, ſhe'll chide.

Bev. No; My Chidings are all here.

(pointing to his Heart.

Stu. I'll not perſwade you.

Bev. I am perſwaded; by Reaſon, too; the ſtrongeſt Reaſon; Neceſſity. Oh! cou'd I but regain the Height I have fallen from, Heaven ſhou'd forſake me in my lateſt Hour, if I again mix'd in theſe Scenes, or ſacrific'd the Huſband's Peace, his Joy and beſt Affections, to Avarice and Infamy.

Stu. I have reſolv'd like You; and ſince our Motives are ſo honeſt, why ſhou'd we fear Succeſs?

Bev. Come on, then——Where ſhall we meet?

Stu. At *Wilſon*'s——Yet if it hurts you, leave me: I have miſled you often.

Bev. We have miſled each other—But come! Fortune is fickle, and may be tir'd with plaguing us——There let us reſt our Hopes.

Stu. Yet think a little——

Bev.

Bev. I cannot——thinking but diſtracts me.

When Deſperation leads all Thoughts are vain;
Reaſon wou'd loſe, what Raſhneſs may obtain.

(Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to* Beverley's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley *and* Charlotte.

Cha. 'Twas all a Scheme, a mean one; unworthy of my Brother.

Mrs. *Bev.* No, I am ſure it was not—*Stakely* is honeſt too; I know he is—— This Madneſs has undone 'em both.

Char. My Brother irrecoverably——You are too ſpiritleſs a Wife——A mournful Tale, mixt with a few kind Words, will ſteal away your Soul. The World's too ſubtle for ſuch Goodneſs. Had I been by, he ſhou'd have aſk'd your Life ſooner than thoſe Jewels.

Mrs. *Bev.* He ſhou'd have had it, then. (*warmly*) I live but to oblige him. She who can love, and is belov'd like Me, will do as much. Men have done more for Miſtreſſes, and Women for a baſe Deluder. And ſhall a Wife do leſs? Your Chidings hurt me, *Charlotte.*

Char. And come too late; they might have ſav'd you elſe. How cou'd he uſe you ſo?

Mrs. *Bev.* 'Twas Friendſhip did it. His Heart was breaking for a Friend.

Char. The Friend that has betray'd him.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bev.* Prithee don't think ſo.

Char. To-morrow he accounts with Me.

Mrs. *Bev.* And fairly——I will not doubt it.

Char. Unleſs a Friend has wanted——I have no Patience——Siſter! Siſter! we are bound to curſe this Friend.

Mrs. *Bev.* My *Beverley* ſpeaks nobly of him.

Char. And *Lewſon* truly——But I diſpleaſe you with this Talk.—To-morrow will inſtruct us.

Mrs. *Bev.* Stay till it comes then——I wou'd not think ſo hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from Conviction——Yet we have Hope of better Days. My Uncle is infirm, and of an Age that threatens hourly——Or if he lives, you never have offenced him; and for Diſtreſſes ſo unmerited he will have Pity.

Mrs. *Bev.* I know it, and am chearful. We have no more to loſe; and for what's gone, if it brings Prudence Home, the Purchaſe was well made.

Char. My *Lewſon* will be kind too. While He and I have Life and Means, You ſhall divide with us——And ſee, he's here!

Enter Lewſon.

We were juſt ſpeaking of you.

Lew. 'Tis beſt to interrupt you then. Few Characters will bear a Scrutiny; and where the Bad out-weighs the Good, he's ſafeſt that's leaſt talk'd of. What ſay you, Madam? *(To Charlotte.*

Char. That I hate Scandal, tho' a Woman—therefore talk ſeldom of you.

Mrs. *Bev.* Or, with more Truth, that, tho' a Woman, ſhe loves to praiſe——Therefore talks always of you. I'll leave you to decide it. (*Exit.*

Lew. How good and amiable! I came to talk in private with you; of Matters that concern you.

Char. What Matters?

Lew. Firſt anſwer me ſincerely to what I aſk.

Char. I will——But you alarm me.

Lew. I am too grave, perhaps; but be aſſur'd of this, I have no News that troubles Me, and therefore ſhou'd not You.

Char. I am eaſy then—Propoſe your Queſtion.

Lew. 'Tis now a tedious Twelve-month, ſince with an open and kind Heart you ſaid you lov'd me.

Char. So tedious, did you ſay?

Lew. And when in Conſequence of ſuch ſweet Words, I preſs'd for Marriage, you gave a voluntary Promiſe that you wou'd live for Me.

Char. You think me chang'd, then? (*angrily.*

Lew. I did not ſay ſo. A thouſand times I have preſs'd for the Perſormance of this Promiſe: but private Cares, a Brother's and a Siſter's Ruin, were Reaſons for delaying it.

Char. I had no other Reaſons.—Where will this end?

Lew. It ſhall end preſently.

Char. Go on, Sir.

Lew. A Promiſe, ſuch as this, given freely, not extorted, the World thinks binding; but I think otherwiſe.

Char.

Char. And wou'd releaſe me from it?

Lew. You are too impatient, Madam.

Char. Cool, Sir—quite cool—Pray go on.

Lew. Time and a near Acquaintance with my Faults may have brought Change—if it be ſo; or for a Moment, if you have wiſh'd this Promiſe were unmade, here I acquit you of it—This is my Queſtion then; and with ſuch Plainneſs as I aſk it, I ſhall entreat an Anſwer. Have you repented of this Promiſe?

Char. Stay, Sir. The Man that can ſuſpect me ſhall find me chang'd——Why am I doubted?

Lew. My Doubts are of myſelf. I have my Faults, and You have Obſervation. If from my Temper, my Words or Actions, you have conceiv'd a Thought againſt me, or even a Wiſh for Separation, all that has paſs'd is nothing.

Char. You ſtartle me---But tell me---I muſt be anſwer'd firſt. Is it from Honour you ſpeak this? Or do you wiſh me chang'd?

Lew. Heaven knows I do not. Life and my *Charlotte* are ſo connected, that to loſe one, were Loſs of both. Yet for a Promiſe, tho' given in Love, and meant for binding; if Time, or Accident, or Reaſon ſhou'd change Opinion—— with Me that Promiſe has no Force.

Char. Why, now I'll anſwer you. Your Doubts are Prophecies——I am really chang'd.

Lew. Indeed!

Char. I cou'd torment You now, as you have

Me; but it is not in my Nature——That I am chang'd, I own: for what at firſt was Inclination, is now grown Reaſon in me; and from that Reaſon, had I the World! nay, were I poorer than the pooreſt, and You too wanting Bread, with but a Hovel to invite me too——I wou'd be yours, and happy.

Lew. My kindeſt *Charlotte! (taking her Hand)* Thanks are too poor for this——and Words too weak! But if we love ſo, why ſhou'd our Union be delay'd?

Char. For happier Times. The preſent are too wretched.

Lew. I may have Reaſons that preſs it now.

Char. What Reaſons?

Lew. The ſtrongeſt Reaſons; unanſwerable ones.

Char. Be quick and name 'em.

Lew. No, Madam; I am bound in Honour to make Conditions firſt——I am bound by Inclination too. This ſweet Profuſion of kind Words pains while it pleaſes. I dread the loſing you.

Char. Aſtoniſhment! What mean you!

Lew. Firſt promiſe, that To-morrow, or the next Day, you will be mine for ever.

Char. I do——tho' Miſery ſhou'd ſucceed.

Lew. Thus then I ſeize you! And with you every Joy on this Side Heaven!

Char. And thus I ſeal my Promiſe. *(embracing him)* Now, Sir, your Secret?

Lew. Your Fortune's loſt. *Char.*

Char. My Fortune loſt! —— I'll ſtudy to be humble then. But was my Promiſe claim'd for this? How nobly generous! Where learnt you this ſad News?

Lew. From *Bates*, *Stukely*'s prime Agent. I have oblig'd him, and he's grateful —— He told it me in Friendſhip, to warn me from my *Charlotte*.

Char. 'Twas honeſt in him, and I'll eſteem him for't.

Lew. He knows much more than he has told.

Char. For Me it is enough. And for your generous Love, I thank you from my Soul. If you'd oblige me more, give me a little Time.

Lew. Why Time? It robs us of our Happineſs.

Char. I have a Taſk to learn firſt. The little Pride this Fortune gave me muſt be ſubdu'd. Once we were equal; and might have met obliging and oblig'd. But now 'tis otherwiſe; and for a Life of Obligations, I have not learnt to bear it.

Lew. Mine is that Life. You are too noble.

Char. Leave me to think on't.

Lew. To-morrow then you'll fix my Happineſs?

Char. All that I can, I will.

Lew. It muſt be ſo; we live but for each other. Keep what you know a Secret; and when we meet To-morrow, more may be known.—— Farewell. (*Exit.*

Char. My poor, poor Siſter! how would this wound her! But I'll conceal it, and ſpeak Comfort to her. (*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Room in the Gaming-House.*

Enter Beverley *and* Stukely.

Bev. Whither wou'd you lead me? *(Angrily.*

Stu. Where we may vent our Curſes.

Bev. Ay, on yourſelf, and thoſe damn'd Counſels that have deſtroy'd me. A thouſand Fiends were in that Boſom, and all let looſe to tempt me——I had reſiſted elſe.

Stu. Go on, Sir——I have deſerv'd this from you.

Bev. And Curſes everlaſting——Time is too ſcanty for 'em——

Stu. What have I done?

Bev. What the Arch-Devil of old did——ſooth'd with falſe Hopes, for certain Ruin.

Stu. Myſelf unhurt; nay, pleas'd at your Deſtruction—So your Words mean. Why; tell it to the World. I am too poor to find a Friend in't.

Bev. A Friend! what's he? I had a Friend.

Stu. And have one ſtill.

Bev. Ay; I'll tell you of this Friend. He found me happieſt of the Happy. Fortune and Honour crown'd me; and Love and Peace liv'd in my Heart. One Spark of Folly lurk'd there; That too he found; and by deceitful Breath blew it to Flames that have conſum'd me. This Friend were You to Me.

Stu. A little more, perhaps—The Friend who gave his All to ſave you; and not ſucceeding, choſe Ruin with you. But no Matter, I have undone you, and am a Villain.

Bev.

Bev. No; I think not—The Villains are within.

Stu. What Villains?

Bev. *Dawſon* and the reſt——We have been Dupes to Sharpers.

Stu. How know you this? I have had Doubts as well as you; yet ſtill as Fortune chang'd I bluſh'd at my own Thoughts——But You have Proofs, perhaps.

Bev. Ay, damn'd ones. Repeated Loſſes—Night after Night, and no Reverſe—Chance has no Hand in this.

Stu. I think more charitably; yet I am peeviſh in my Nature, and apt to doubt——The World ſpeaks fairly of this *Dawſon*, ſo does it of the reſt. We have watch'd 'em cloſely too. But 'tis a Right uſurp'd by Loſers, to think the Winners Knaves—We'll have more Manhood in us.

Bev. I know not what to think. This Night has ſtung me to the quick—Blaſted my Reputation too—I have bound my Honour to theſe Vipers; play'd meanly upon Credit, 'till I tir'd 'em; and now they ſhun me to rifle one another. What's to be done?

Stu. Nothing. My Counſels have been fatal.

Bev. By Heaven I'll not ſurvive this Shame—Traitor! 'tis you have brought it on me. *(taking hold of him)*. Shew me the Means to ſave me, or I'll commit a Murder here, and next upon myſelf.

Stu. Why do it then, and rid me of Ingratitude.

Bev.

Bev. Prithee forgive this Language—I ſpeak I know not what—Rage and Deſpair are in my Heart, and hurry me to Madneſs. My Home is Horror to me——I'll not return to't. Speak quickly; tell me, if in this Wreck of Fortune, one Hope remains? Name it, and be my Oracle.

Stu. To vent your Curſes on—You have beſtow'd 'em liberally. Take your own Counſel: and ſhou'd a deſperate Hope preſent itſelf, 'twill ſuit your deſperate Fortune. I'll not adviſe you.

Bev. What Hope? By Heaven I'll catch at it, however deſperate. I am ſo ſunk in Miſery, it cannot lay me lower.

Stu. You have an Uncle.

Bev. Ay. What of Him?

Stu. Old Men live long by Temperance, while their Heirs ſtarve on Expectation.

Bev. What mean you?

Stu. That the Reverſion of his Eſtate is your's; and will bring Money to pay Debts with—Nay more, it may retrieve what's paſt.

Bev. Or leave my Child a Beggar.

Stu. And what's his Father? A diſhonourable one; engag'd for Sums he cannot pay——That ſhou'd be thought of.

Bev. It is my Shame——The Poiſon that enflames me. Where ſhall we go? To whom? I am impatient 'till all's loſt.

Stu. All may be your's again—Your Man is *Bates*——He has large Funds at his Command, and will deal juſtly by you.

Bev.

Bev. I am resolv'd——Tell 'em within we'll meet 'em presently; and with full Purses, too—Come, follow me.

Stu. No. I'll have no hand in this; nor do I counsel it—Use your Discretion, and act from that. You'll find me at my Lodgings.

Bev. Succeed what will, this Night I'll dare the worst.

'Tis loss of Fear, to be compleatly curs'd.

(*Exit* Bev.

Stu. Why, lose it then for ever—Fear is the Mind's worst Evil; and 'tis a friendly Office to drive it from the Bosom—Thus far has Fortune crown'd me—Yet *Beverley* is rich; rich in his Wife's best Treasure, her Honour and Affections. I wou'd supplant him there, too. But 'tis the Curse of thinking Minds to raise up Difficulties. Fools only conquer Women. Fearless of Dangers which they see not, they press on boldly, and by persisting, prosper. Yet may a Tale of Art do much — *Charlotte* is sometimes absent. The Seeds of Jealousy are sown already. If I mistake not, they have taken Root too. Now is the Time to ripen 'em, and reap the Harvest. The softest of her Sex, if wrong'd in Love, or thinking that she's wrong'd, becomes a Tygress in Revenge——I'll instantly to *Beverley*'s——No Matter for the Danger——When Beauty leads us on, 'tis Indiscretion to reflect, and Cowardice to doubt.

(*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Beverley's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley *and* Lucy.

Mrs. *Bev.* Did *Charlotte* tell you any Thing?

Lucy. No, Madam.

Mrs. *Bev.* She look'd confus'd, methought; ſaid ſhe had Buſineſs with her *Lewſon*; which, when I preſs'd to know, Tears only were her Anſwer.

Lu. She ſeem'd in haſte, too—Yet her Return may bring you Comfort.

Mrs. *Bev.* No, my kind Girl; I was not born for't—But why do I diſtreſs thee? Thy ſympathizing Heart bleeds for the Ills of others---What Pity that thy Miſtreſs can't reward thee! But there's a Power above, that ſees, and will remember all. Prithee ſooth me with the Song thou ſung'ſt laſt Night. It ſuits this Change of Fortune; and there's a Melancholy in't that pleaſes me.

Lu. I fear it hurts you, Madam---Your Goodneſs too draws Tears from me---But I'll dry 'em, and obey you.

S O N G.

When Damon *languiſh'd at my Feet,*
And I believ'd him true,
The Moments of Delight how ſweet!
But ah! how ſwift they flew!
The ſunny Hill, the flow'ry Vale,
The Garden and the Grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent Tale,
And Vows of endleſs Love.

II.

II.

The Conqueſt gain'd, he left his Prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of Joy with weeping Eyes,
And meaſure Time by Pain.
But Heav'n will take the Mourner's Part,
In pity to Deſpair;
And the laſt Sigh that rends the Heart,
Shall waft the Spirit there.

Mrs. *Bev.* I thank thee, *Lucy* —— I thank Heaven, too, my Griefs are none of theſe. Yet *Stukely* deals in Hints --- He talks of Rumours --- I'll urge him to ſpeak plainly --- Hark! there's ſome one entering.

Lu. Perhaps my Maſter, Madam. *(Exit.*

Mrs. *Bev.* Let him be well too, and I am ſatisfy'd. *(Goes to the Door, and liſtens.)* No; 'tis another's Voice; his had been Muſic to me. Who is it, *Lucy?*

Re-enter Lucy *with* Stukely.

Lu. Mr. *Stukely*, Madam. *(Exit.*

Stu. To meet you thus alone, Madam, was what I wiſh'd. Unſeaſonable Viſits, when Friendſhip warrants 'em, need no Excuſe. --- Therefore I make none.

Mrs. *Bev.* What mean you, Sir? And where's your Friend?

Stu. Men may have Secrets, Madam, which their beſt Friends are not admitted to. We parted in the Morning, not ſoon to meet again.

Mrs. *Bev.* You mean to leave us then? To leave your Country, too? I am no Stranger to your Reaſons, and pity your Misfortunes.

Stu. Your Pity has undone you. Cou'd *Beverley* do this? That Letter was a falſe one; a mean Contrivance to rob you of your Jewels—I wrote it not.

Mrs. *Bev.* Impoſſible! whence came it then?

Stu. Wrong'd as I am, Madam, I muſt ſpeak plainly——

Mrs. *Bev.* Do ſo, and eaſe me. Your Hints have troubled me. Reports, you ſay, are ſtirring——Reports of whom? You wiſh'd me not to credit 'em. What, Sir, are theſe Reports?

Stu. I thought 'em Slander, Madam; and caution'd you in Friendſhip; leſt from officious Tongues the Tale had reach'd you with double Aggravation.

Mrs. *Bev.* Proceed, Sir.

Stu. It is a Debt due to my Fame, due to an injur'd Wife, too——We both are injur'd.

Mrs. *Bev.* How injur'd? And who has injur'd us?

Stu. My Friend, your Huſband.

Mrs. *Bev.* You wou'd reſent for both then? But know, Sir, My Injuries are my own, and do not need a Champion.

Stu. Be not too haſty, Madam. I come not in Reſentment, but for Acquittance—You thought me poor; and to the feign'd Diſtreſſes of a Friend gave up your Jewels.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bev.* I gave 'em to a Husband.

Stu. Who gave 'em to a ——

Mrs. *Bev.* What? Whom did he give 'em to?

Stu. A Mistress.

Mrs. *Bev.* No; on my Life he did not.

Stu. Himself confess'd it, with Curses on her Avarice.

Mrs. *Bev.* I'll not believe it —— He has no Mistress——or if he has, why is it told to Me?

Stu. To guard you against Insults. He told me, that to move you to Compliance, he forg'd that Letter; pretending I was ruin'd; ruin'd by Him, too. The Fraud succeeded; and what a trusting Wife bestow'd in Pity, was lavish'd on a Wanton.

Mrs. *Bev.* Then I am lost, indeed; and my Afflictions are too powerful for me—His Follies I have borne without upbraiding, and saw the Approach of Poverty without a Tear—My Affections, my strong Affections supported me through every Trial.

Stu. Be patient, Madam.

Mrs. *Bev.* Patient! The barbarous, ungrateful Man! And does he think that the Tenderness of my Heart is his best Security for wounding it? But he shall find that Injuries such as these, can arm my Weakness for Vengeance and Redress.

Stu. Ha! then I may succeed—— (*Aside.*

Redress is in your Power.

Mrs. *Bev.* What Redress?

Stu.

Stu. Forgive me, Madam, if in my Zeal to ſerve you, I hazard your Diſpleaſure.——Think of your wretched State. Already Want ſurrounds you? Is it in Patience to bear That? To ſee your helpleſs little one robb'd of his Birth-right? A Siſter, too, with unavailing Tears, lamenting her loſt Fortune? No Comfort left you, but ineffectual Pity from the Few, out-weigh'd by Inſults from the Many?

Mrs. *Bev.* Am I ſo loſt a Creature? Well, Sir, my Redreſs?

Stu. To be reſolv'd is to ſecure it. The Marriage Vow, once violated, is in the Sight of Heaven diſſolv'd —— Start not, but hear me! 'Tis now the Summer of your Youth; Time has not cropt the Roſes from your Cheek, tho' Sorrow long has waſh'd 'em——Then uſe your Beauty wiſely; and freed by Injuries, fly from the cruelleſt of Men, for Shelter with the kindeſt.

Mrs. *Bev.* And who is He?

Stu. A Friend to the Unfortunate; a bold one, too; who, while the Storm is burſting on your Brow, and Lightning flaſhing from your Eyes, dares tell you that he loves you.

Mrs. *Bev.* Wou'd that theſe Eyes had Heaven's own Lightning! that with a Look, thus I might blaſt thee! Am I then fallen ſo low? Has Poverty ſo humbled me, that I ſhou'd liſten to a helliſh Offer, and ſell my Soul for Bread? O Villain! Villain! —— But now I know thee, and thank thee for the Knowledge.

Stu.

Stu. If you are wiſe, you ſhall have Cauſe to thank me.

Mrs. *Bev.* An injur'd Huſband, too, ſhall thank thee.

Stu. Yet know, proud Woman, I have a Heart as ſtubborn as your own; as haughty and imperious; and as it loves, ſo can it hate.

Mrs. *Bev.* Mean deſpicable Villain! I ſcorn thee and thy Threats. Was it for this that *Beverley* was falſe? That his too credulous Wife ſhou'd in Deſpair and Vengeance give up her Honour to a Wretch? But he ſhall know it, and Vengeance ſhall be his.

Stu. Why ſend him for Defiance then. Tell him I love his Wife; but that a worthleſs Huſband forbids our Union. I'll make a Widow of you, and court you honourably.

Mrs. *Bev.* O Coward! Coward! thy Soul will ſhrink at him. Yet in the Thought of what may happen, I feel a Woman's Fears. Keep thy own Secret, and begone. Who's there?

Enter Lucy.

Your Abſence, Sir, wou'd pleaſe me.

Stu. I'll not offend you, Madam.

(*Ex.* Stu. *with* Lucy.

Mrs. *Bev.* Why opens not the Earth to ſwallow ſuch a Monſter? Be Conſcience then his Puniſher, 'till Heaven in Mercy gives him Penitence, or dooms him in his Juſtice.

Re-

Re-enter Lucy.

Come to my Chamber, *Lucy*; I have a Tale to tell thee, ſhall make thee weep for thy poor Miſtreſs.

Yet Heaven the guiltleſs Sufferer regards,
And whom it moſt afflicts, it moſt rewards.

(Exeunt.

End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE Beverley's *Lodgings*.

Enter Mrs. Beverley, Charlotte, *and* Lewſon.

Char. THE ſmooth-tongu'd Hypocrite!

Lew. But we have found him, and will requite him—Be chearful, Madam; *(to Mrs.* Bev.) and for the Inſults of this Ruffian you ſhall have ample Retribution.

Mrs. *Bev.* But not by Violence — Remember you have ſworn it; I had been ſilent elſe.

Lew. You need not doubt me; I ſhall be cool as Patience.

Mrs. *Bev.* See him To-morrow then.

Lew. And why not now? By Heaven the veriеſt Worm that crawls is made of braver Spirit than

than this *Stukely*—Yet for my Promiſe, I'll deal gently with him—I mean to watch his Looks—From thoſe, and from his Anſwers to my Charge, much may be learnt. Next I'll to *Bates*, and ſift him to the Bottom. If I fail there, the Gang is numerous, and for a Bribe will each betray the other——Good Night; I'll loſe no Time.

(*Ex.* Lewſon.

Mrs. *Bev.* Theſe boiſterous Spirits! how they wound me! But Reaſoning is in vain. Come, *Charlotte*; we'll to our uſual Watch. The Night grows late.

Char. I am fearful of Events; yet pleas'd—— To-morrow may relieve us. (*Going.*

Enter Jarvis.

Char. How now, good *Jarvis?*

Jar. I have heard ill News, Madam.

Mrs. *Bev.* What News? Speak quickly.

Jar. Men are not what they ſeem. I fear me Mr. *Stukely* is diſhoneſt.

Char. We know it, *Jarvis:* But what's your News?

Jar. That there's an Action againſt my Maſter, at his Friend's Suit.

Mrs. *Bev.* O Villain! Villain! 'twas this he threaten'd then. Run to that Den of Robbers, *Wilſon*'s——Your Maſter may be there. Entreat him Home, good *Jarvis.* Say I have Buſineſs with him—But tell him not of *Stukely*—It may

provoke him to Revenge——Haſte! haſte! good *Jarvis.* (*Exit* Jarvis.

Char. This Miniſter of Hell! O I cou'd tear him Piece-meal!——

Mrs. *Bev.* I am ſick of ſuch a World——Yet Heaven is juſt; and in its own good Time, will hurl Deſtruction on ſuch Monſters. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Stukely's *Lodgings.*

Enter Stukely *and* Bates *meeting.*

Bates. Where have you been?

Stu. Fooling my Time away——Playing my Tricks, like a tame Monkey, to entertain a Woman——No Matter where——I have been vext and diſappointed. Tell me of *Beverley*——How bore he his laſt Shock?

Bat. Like one (ſo *Dawſon* ſays) whoſe Senſes had been numb'd with Miſery. When all was loſt, he fixt his Eyes upon the Ground, and ſtood ſome Time, with folded Arms, ſtupid and motionleſs. Then ſnatching his Sword that hung againſt the Wainſcot, he ſat him down; and with a Look of fixt Attention, drew Figures on the Floor——At laſt he ſtarted up, look'd wild, and trembled; and like a Woman, ſeiz'd with her Sex's Fits, laugh'd out aloud, while the Tears trickled down his Face——ſo left the Room.

Stu. Why, this was Madneſs.

Bat. The Madneſs of Deſpair.

Stu. We muſt confine him then. A Priſon

wou'd

wou'd do well *(a Knocking at the Door.)* Hark! that Knocking may be his. Go that Way down; *(Ex.* Bates. Who's there?

Enter Lewſon.

Lew. An Enemy—an open and avow'd one.

Stu. Why am I thus broke in upon? This Houſe is mine, Sir; and ſhou'd protect me from Inſult and Ill-manners.

Lew. Guilt has no Place of Sanctuary; where-ever found, 'tis Virtue's lawful Game. The Fox's Hold, and Tyger's Den are no Security againſt the Hunter.

Stu. Your Buſineſs, Sir?

Lew. To tell you that I know you—Why this Confuſion? That Look of Guilt and Terror?—Is *Beverley* awake? Or has his Wife told Tales? The Man that dares like You, ſhou'd have a Soul to juſtify his Deeds, and Courage to confront Accuſers. Not with a Coward's Fear to ſhrink beneath Reproof.

Stu. Who waits there? *(Aloud, and in Confuſion.*

Lew. By Heaven he dies that interrupts us. *(ſhutting the Door.)* You ſhou'd have weigh'd your Strength, Sir; and then, inſtead of climbing to high Fortune, the World had mark'd you for what you are, a little paultry Villain.

Stu. You think I fear you.

Lew. I know you fear me. This is to prove

it. *(pulls him by the Sleeve.)* You wanted Privacy! A Lady's Preſence took up your Attention! Now we are alone, Sir. Why, what a Wretch! *(flings him from him.)* The vileſt Inſect in Creation will turn when trampled on; yet has this Thing undone a Man—by Cunning and mean Arts undone him. But we have found you, Sir; trac'd you thro' all your Labyrinths. If you wou'd ſave yourſelf, fall to Confeſſion. No Mercy will be ſhewn elſe.

Stu. Firſt prove me what you think me——'Till then your Threatenings are in vain—And for this Inſult, Vengeance may yet be mine.

Lew. Infamous Coward! why take it now then ——*(draws, and* Stukely *retires.)* Alas! I pity thee ——Yet that a Wretch like this ſhou'd overcome a *Beverley!* it fills me with Aſtoniſhment!——A Wretch, ſo mean of Soul, that even Deſperation cannot animate him to look upon an Enemy—— You ſhou'd not thus have ſoar'd, Sir, unleſs, like others of your black Profeſſion, you had a Sword to keep the Fools in Awe, your Villainy has ruined.

Stu. Villainy! 'Twere beſt to curb this Licence of your Tongue; for know, Sir, while there are Laws, this Outrage on my Reputation will not be borne with.

Lew. Laws! dar'ſt Thou ſeek Shelter from the Laws? Thoſe Laws, which thou and thy infernal Crew live in the conſtant Violation of? Talk'ſt thou of Reputation, too? when under

Friend-

Friendſhip's ſacred Name, thou haſt betray'd, robb'd, and deſtroy'd?

Stu. Ay, rail at Gaming; 'tis a rich Topic, and affords noble Declamation —— Go, preach againſt it in the City: You'll find a Congregation in every Tavern. If they ſhou'd laugh at you, fly to my Lord, and ſermonize it there. He'll thank you and reform.

Lew. And will Example ſanctify a Vice? No, Wretch; the Cuſtom of my Lord, or of the Cit that apes him, cannot excuſe a Breach of Law, or make the Gameſter's Calling reputable.

Stu. Rail on, I ſay—But is this Zeal for beggar'd *Beverley?* Is it for Him that I am treated thus? No; he and his Wife might both have groan'd in Priſon, had but the Siſter's Fortune eſcap'd the Wreck, to have rewarded the diſintereſted Love of honeſt Mr. *Lewſon.*

Lew. How I deteſt thee for the Thought! But thou art loſt to every human Feeling. Yet let me tell thee, and may it wring thy Heart! that tho' my Friend is ruin'd by thy Snares, thou haſt unknowingly been kind to Me.

Stu. Have I? It was indeed unknowingly.

Lew. Thou haſt aſſiſted me in Love; given me the Merit that I wanted; ſince but for Thee, my *Charlotte* had not known 'twas her dear ſelf I ſigh'd for, and not her Fortune.

Stu. Thank me, and take her then.

Lew. And as a Brother to poor *Beverley*, I

will

will purſue the Robber that has ſtript him, and ſnatch him from his Gripe.

Stu. Then know, imprudent Man, he *is* within my Gripe; and ſhou'd my Friendſhip for him be ſlander'd once again, the Hand that has ſupply'd him, ſhall fall and cruſh him.

Lew. Why, now there's a Spirit in thee! This is indeed to be a Villain! But I ſhall reach thee yet—Fly where thou wilt, my Vengeance ſhall purſue thee—And *Beverley* ſhall yet be ſav'd, be ſav'd from Thee, thou Monſter; nor owe his Reſcue to his Wife's Diſhonour. *(Exit.*

Stu. (pauſing) Then Ruin has enclos'd me. Curſe on my coward Heart! I wou'd be bravely villainous; but 'tis my Nature to ſhrink at Danger, and he has found me. Yet Fear brings Caution, and That Security—More Miſchief muſt be done to hide the paſt —— Look to yourſelf, officious *Lewſon*——there may be Danger ſtirring ——How now, *Bates?*

Enter Bates.

Bat. What is the Matter? 'Twas *Lewſon* and not *Beverley* that left you—I heard him loud—— You ſeem alarm'd too.

Stu. Ay, and with Reaſon—We are diſcover'd.

Bat. I fear'd as much, and therefore caution'd you——But You were peremptory.

Stu. Thus Fools talk ever; ſpending their idle Breath on what is paſt, and trembling at the future. We muſt be active. *Beverley*, at worſt, is but

but ſuſpicious; but *Lewſon*'s Genius, and his Hate to Me, will lay all open. Means muſt be found to ſtop him.

Bat. What Means?

Stu. Diſpatch him——Nay, ſtart not——Deſpèrate Occaſions call for deſperate Deeds——We live but by his Death.

Bat. You cannot mean it?

Stu. I do, by Heaven.

Bat. Good Night, then. *(Going.*

Stu. Stay. I muſt be heard, then anſwer'd. Perhaps the Motion was too ſudden; and human Weakneſs ſtarts at Murder, tho' ſtrong Neceſſity compels it. I have thought long of this; and my firſt Feelings were like your's; a fooliſh Conſcience aw'd me, which ſoon I conquer'd. The Man that wou'd undo me, Nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their Foes by Inſtinct; and where ſuperior Force is given, they uſe it for Deſtruction. Shall Man do leſs? *Lewſon* purſues us to our Ruin; and ſhall we, with the Means to cruſh him, fly from our Hunter, or turn and tear him? 'Tis Folly even to heſitate.

Bat. He has oblig'd me, and I dare not.

Stu. Why, live to Shame then, to Beggary and Puniſhment. You wou'd be privy to the Deed, yet want the Soul to act it. Nay more; had my Deſigns been levell'd at his Fortune, you had ſtept in the foremoſt——And what is Life without its Comforts? Thoſe you wou'd rob him of;

and

and by a lingring Death, add Cruelty to Murder. Henceforth adieu to half-made Villains—There's Danger in 'em. What you have got is your's; keep it, and hide with it——I'll deal my future Bounty to thoſe that merit it.

Bat. What's the Reward?

Stu. Equal Diviſion of our Gains. I ſwear it, and will be juſt.

Bat. Think of the Means then.

Stu. He's gone to *Beverley*'s—Wait for him in the Street——'Tis a dark Night, and fit for Miſchief. A Dagger would be uſeful.

Bat. He ſleeps no more.

Stu. Conſider the Reward! When the Deed's done, I have farther Buſineſs with you. Send *Dawſon* to me.

Bat. Think it already done—and ſo farewel. (*Exit.*

Stu. Why, farewel *Lewſon* then; and farewel to my Fears—This Night ſecures me. I'll wait the Event within. (*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street. Stage darken'd.*

Enter Beverley.

Bev. How like an Out-caſt do I wander? Loaded with every Curſe, that drives the Soul to Deſperation——The Midnight Robber, as he walks his Rounds, ſees by the glimmering Lamp my frantic Looks, and dreads to meet me.—— Whither am I going?——My Home lies there; all

all that is dear on Earth it holds too; yet are the Gates of Death more welcome to me——I'll enter it no more——Who paſſes there? 'Tis *Lewſon*—He meets me in a gloomy Hour; and Memory tells me he has been meddling with my Fame.

Enter Lewſon.

Lew. Beverley! Well met. I have been buſy in your Affairs.

Bev. So I have heard, Sir; and now muſt thank you as I ought.

Lew. To-morrow I may deſerve your Thanks. Late as it is, I go to *Bates.* Diſcoveries are making that an arch Villain trembles at.

Bev. Diſcoveries are made, Sir, that You ſhall tremble at. Where is this boaſted Spirit? this high Demeanour, that was to call me to Account? You ſay I have wrong'd my Siſter——Now ſay as much. But firſt be ready for Defence, as I am for Reſentment. (*Draws.*

Lew. What mean you? I underſtand you not.

Bev. The Coward's ſtale Acquittance. Who, when he ſpreads foul Calumny abroad, and dreads juſt Vengeance on him, cries out, What mean you, I underſtand you not.

Lew. Coward and Calumny! Whence are thoſe Words? But I forgive, and pity you.

Bev. Your Pity had been kinder to my Fame. But you have traduc'd it; told a vile Story to the public Ear, that I have wrong'd my Siſter.

Lew. 'Tis falſe. Shew me the Man that dares accuſe me.

Bev. I thought you brave, and of a Soul ſuperior to low Malice; but I have found you, and will have Vengeance. This is no Place for Argument.

Lew. Nor ſhall it be for Violence. Imprudent Man! who in Revenge for fancy'd Injuries, wou'd pierce the Heart that loves him. But honeſt Friendſhip acts from itſelf, unmov'd by Slander, or Ingratitude. The Life you thirſt for, ſhall be employ'd to ſerve you.

Bev. 'Tis thus you wou'd compound then—Firſt do a Wrong beyond Forgiveneſs, and to redreſs it, load me with Kindneſs unſolicited. I'll not receive it. Your Zeal is troubleſome.

Lew. No Matter. It ſhall be uſeful.

Bev. It will not be accepted.

Lew. It muſt. You know me not.

Bev. Yes; for the Slanderer of my Fame. Who under Shew of Friendſhip, arraigns me of Injuſtice. Buzzing in every Ear foul Breach of Truſt, and Family Diſhonour.

Lew. Have I done this? Who told you ſo?

Bev. The World—'Tis talk'd of every where. It pleas'd you to add Threats, too. You were to call me to Account——Why, do it now then; I ſhall be proud of ſuch an Arbiter.

Lew. Put up your Sword, and know me better.

ter. I never injur'd you. The baſe Suggeſtion comes from *Stukely*; I ſee him and his Aims.

Bev. What Aims? I'll not conceal it; 'twas *Stukely* that accus'd you.

Lew. To rid him of an Enemy——Perhaps of two——He fears Diſcovery, and frames a Tale of Falſehood, to ground Revenge and Murder on.

Bev. I muſt have Proof of this.

Lew. Wait till To-morrow then.

Bev. I will.

Lew. Good Night——I go to ſerve you——Forget what's paſt as I do; and chear your Family with Smiles. To-morrow may confirm 'em, and make all happy. (*Exit.*

Bev. (*Pauſing.*) How vile, and how abſurd is Man! His boaſted Honour is but another Name for Pride; which eaſier bears the Conſciouſneſs of Guilt, than the World's juſt Reproofs. But 'tis the Faſhion of the Times; and in Defence of Falſehood and falſe Honour, Men die Martyrs. I knew not that my Nature was ſo bad.

(*ſtands muſing.*

Enter Bates *and* Jarvis.

Jar. This Way the Noiſe was——and yonder's my poor Maſter.

Bat. I heard him at high Words with *Lewſon*. The Cauſe I know not.

Jar. I heard him too. Misfortunes vex him.

Bat. Go to him, and lead him Home—But he comes this Way——I'll not be ſeen by him.

(*Ex.* Bates.

Bev. (*ſtarting.*) What Fellow's that? (*ſeeing* Jarvis) Art thou a Murderer, Friend? Come, lead the Way; I have a Hand as miſchievous as thine; a Heart as deſperate too——*Jarvis!*—— To Bed, old Man, the Cold will chill thee.

Jar. Why are you wandering at this late Hour?—Your Sword drawn too!—For Heav'n's Sake ſheath it, Sir——the Sight diſtracts me.

Bev. Whoſe Voice was that? (*wildly.*

Jar. 'Twas mine, Sir: Let me intreat you to give the Sword to Me.

Bev. Ay, take it—quickly take it—Perhaps I am not ſo curs'd, but Heav'n may have ſent thee at this Moment to ſnatch me from Perdition.

Jar. Then I am bleſs'd.

Bev. Continue ſo, and leave me. My Sorrows are contagious. No one is bleſt that's near me.

Jar. I came to ſeek you, Sir.

Bev. And now thou haſt found me, leave me—My Thoughts are wild and will not be diſturb'd.

Jar. Such Thoughts are beſt diſturb'd.

Bev. I tell thee that they will not——Who ſent thee hither?

Jar. My weeping Miſtreſs.

Bev. Am I ſo meek a Huſband then? that a commanding Wife preſcribes my Hours, and ſends to chide me for my Abſence? ——Tell her, I'll not return.

Jar.

Jar. Thoſe Words wou'd kill her.

Bev. Kill her! Wou'd they not be kind then? But ſhe ſhall live to curſe me——I have deſerv'd it of her. Does ſhe not hate me, *Jarvis?*

Jar. Alas, Sir! Forget your Griefs, and let me lead you to her. The Streets are dangerous.

Bev. Be wiſe, and leave me then. The Night's black Horrors are ſuited to my Thoughts—— Theſe Stones ſhall be my Reſting-place. *(lies down.)* Here ſhall my Soul brood o'er its Miſeries; 'till with the Fiends of Hell, and Guilty of the Earth, I ſtart and tremble at the Morning's Light.

Jar. For Pity's Sake, Sir!—Upon my Knees I beg you to quit this Place, and theſe ſad Thoughts. Let Patience, not Deſpair poſſeſs you——Riſe, I beſeech you——There's not a Moment of your Abſence, that my poor Miſtreſs does not groan for.

Bev. Have I undone her, and is ſhe ſtill ſo kind? *(ſtarting up)* It is too much——My Brain can't hold it——O, *Jarvis!* how deſperate is that Wretch's State, which only Death or Madneſs can relieve.

Jar. Appeaſe his Mind, good Heaven! and give him Reſignation! Alas, Sir, cou'd Beings in the other World perceive the Events of this, how wou'd your Parents bleſſed Spirits grieve for you, even in Heaven!—Let me conjure you by their honour'd Memories; by the ſweet Innocence of

your

your yet helpleſs Child, and by the ceaſeleſs Sorrows of my poor Miſtreſs, to rouze your Manhood, and ſtruggle with theſe Griefs.

Bev. Thou virtuous, good old Man! thy Tears and thy Entreaties have reach'd my Heart, thro' all its Miſeries. O! had I liſten'd to thy honeſt Warnings, no earthly Bleſſing had been wanting to me! — I was ſo happy, that even a Wiſh for more than I poſſeſs'd, was arrogant Preſumption. But I have warr'd againſt the Power that bleſs'd me, and now am ſentenc'd to the Hell I merit.

Jar. Be but reſign'd, Sir, and Happineſs may yet be yours.

Bev. Prithee be honeſt, and do not flatter Miſery.

Jar. I do not, Sir——Hark! I hear Voices ——Come this Way; we may reach Home unnotic'd.

Bev. Well, lead me then——Un-notic'd did'ſt thou ſay? Alas! I dread no Looks but of thoſe Wretches I have made at Home. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Stukely's.

Enter Stukely *and* Dawſon.

Stu. Come hither, *Dawſon.* My Limbs are on the Rack, and my Soul ſhivers in me, 'till this Night's Buſineſs be complete. Tell me thy Thoughts: Is *Bates* determin'd, or does he waver?

Daw. At firſt he ſeem'd irreſolute; wiſh'd the Em-

Employment had been mine; and mutter'd Curſes on his Coward Hand, that trembled at the Deed.

Stu. And did he leave you ſo?

Daw. No. We walk'd together; and ſhelter'd by the Darkneſs, ſaw *Beverley* and *Lewſon* in warm Debate. But ſoon they cool'd; and then I left 'em to haſten hither; but not 'till 'twas reſolv'd *Lewſon* ſhou'd die.

Stu. Thy Words have given me Life—That Quarrel, too, was fortunate; for if my Hopes deceive me not, it promiſes a Grave to *Beverley*.

Daw. You miſconceive me. *Lewſon* and he were Friends.

Stu. But my prolific Brain ſhall make 'em Enemies. If *Lewſon* falls, he falls by *Beverley*. An upright Jury ſhall decree it. Aſk me no Queſtion, but do as I direct. This Writ *(takes out a Pocket Book)* for ſome Days paſt, I have treaſur'd here, 'till a convenient Time call'd for its Uſe. That Time is come. Take it, and give it to an Officer. It muſt be ſerv'd this Inſtant. *(Gives a Paper.*

Daw. On *Beverley?*

Stu. Look at it. 'Tis for the Sums that I have lent him.

Daw. Muſt he to Priſon then?

Stu. I aſk'd Obedience; not Replies. This Night a Jail muſt be his Lodging. 'Tis probable he's not gone Home yet. Wait at his Door, and ſee it executed.

Daw.

Daw. Upon a Beggar? He has no Means of Payment.

Stu. Dull and inſenſible! If *Lewſon* dies, who was it kill'd him? Why, he that was ſeen quarrelling with him; and I that knew of *Beverley*'s Intents, arreſted him in Friendſhip —— A little late, perhaps; but 'twas a virtuous Act, and Men will thank me for't. Now, Sir, you underſtand me?

Daw. Moſt perfectly——And will about it.

Stu. Haſte then; and when 'tis done, come back and tell me.

Daw. 'Till then farewell. (*Exit.*

Stu. Now tell thy Tale, fond Wife! And *Lewſon*, if again thou can'ſt inſult me, I'll kneel and own thee for my Maſter.

Not Avarice now, but Vengeance fires my Breaſt,
And one ſhort Hour muſt make me curſt or bleſt.

(Exit.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. Scene continues.

Enter Stukely, Bates, *and* Dawſon.

Bates. POOR *Lewſon!* —— But I told you enough laſt Night——The Thought of him is horrible to me.

Stu.

Stu. In the Street, did you ſay? And no one near him?

Bat. By his own Door; he was leading me to his Houſe. I pretended Buſineſs with him, and ſtabb'd him to the Heart, while he was reaching at the Bell.

Stu. And did he fall ſo ſuddenly?

Bat. The Repetition pleaſes you, I ſee. I told you, he fell without a Groan.

Stu. What heard you of him this Morning?

Bat. That the Watch found him in their Rounds, and alarm'd the Servants. I mingled with the Crowd juſt now, and ſaw him dead in his own Houſe.——The Sight terrify'd me.

Stu. Away with Terrors, 'till his Ghoſt riſe and accuſe us—We have no living Enemy to fear—unleſs 'tis *Beverley*; and him we have lodg'd ſafe in Priſon.

Bat. Muſt He be murder'd too?

Stu. No; I have a Scheme to make the Law his Murderer——At what Hour did *Lewſon* fall?

Bat. The Clock ſtruck Twelve as I turn'd to leave him. 'Twas a melancholy Bell, I thought, tolling for his Death.

Stu. The Time was lucky for us——*Beverley* was arreſted at One, you ſay? (*to* Dawſon.

Daw. Exactly.

Stu. Good. We'll talk of this preſently——The Women were with him, I think?

Daw. And old *Jarvis*. I wou'd have told

you of 'em laſt Night, but your Thoughts were too buſy. 'Tis well you have a Heart of Stone, the Tale wou'd melt it elſe.

Stu. Out with it then.

Daw. I trac'd him to his Lodgings; and pretending Pity for his Misfortunes, kept the Door open, while the Officers ſeiz'd him. 'Twas a damn'd Deed —— but no Matter —— I follow'd my Inſtructions.

Stu. And what ſaid he?

Daw. He upbraided me with Treachery; call'd You a Villain; acknowledg'd the Sums you had lent him, and ſubmitted to his Fortune.

Stu. And the Women ——

Daw. For a few Minutes Aſtoniſhment kept 'em ſilent —— They look'd wildly at one another, while the Tears ſtream'd down their Cheeks. But Rage and Fury ſoon gave 'em Words; and then, in the very Bitterneſs of Deſpair, they curs'd me and the Monſter that had employ'd me.

Stu. And you bore it with Philoſophy?

Daw. 'Till the Scene chang'd, and then I melted. I order'd the Officers to take away their Priſoner. The Women ſhriek'd, and wou'd have follow'd him; but we forbad 'em. 'Twas then they fell upon their Knees, the Wife fainting, the Siſter raving, and both with all the Eloquence of Miſery endeavouring to ſoften us. I never felt Compaſſion 'till that Moment; and had the Officers been mov'd like Me, we had left

the

the Buſineſs undone, and fled with Curſes on ourſelves. But their Hearts were ſteel'd by Cuſtom. The Tears of Beauty and the Pangs of Affection were beneath their Pity. They tore him from their Arms, and lodg'd him in Priſon, with only *Jarvis* to comfort him.

Stu. There let him lie, 'till we have farther Buſineſs with him——And for You, Sir, let me hear no more of your Compaſſion——A Fellow nurs'd in Villainy, and employ'd from Childhood in the Buſineſs of Hell, ſhou'd have no Dealings with Compaſſion.

Daw. Say you ſo, Sir?—You ſhou'd have nam'd the Devil that tempted me——

Stu. 'Tis falſe. I found you a Villain, and therefore employ'd you——but no more of this ——We have embark'd too far in Miſchief to recede. *Lewſon* is dead, and we are all Principals in his Murder. Think of that——There's Time enough for Pity when ourſelves are out of Danger ——*Beverley* ſtill lives, tho' in a Jail——His Ruin will ſit heavy on him; and Diſcoveries may be made to undo us all. Something muſt be done, and ſpeedily—You ſaw him quarrelling with *Lewſon* in the Street laſt Night? (*To* Bates.

Bat. I did; his Steward, *Jarvis*, ſaw him too.

Stu. And ſhall atteſt it. Here's Matter to work upon——An unwilling Evidence carries Weight with him. Something of my Deſign I have hinted t'you before——*Beverley* muſt be

the Author of this Murder; and we the Parties to convict him——But how to proceed will require Time and Thought——Come along with Me; the Room within is fitter for Privacy—But no Compaſſion, Sir——(*to* Dawſon) We want Leiſure for't——This Way. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Beverley's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley *and* Charlotte.

Mrs. *Bev.* No News of *Lewſon* yet?

Char. None. He went out early, and knows not what has happen'd.

Mrs. *Bev.* The Clock ſtrikes Eight——I'll wait no longer.

Char. Stay but 'till *Jarvis* comes. He has ſent twice to ſtop us 'till we ſee him.

Mrs. *Bev.* I have no Life in this Separation—O! What a Night was laſt Night! I wou'd not paſs another ſuch to purchaſe Worlds by it——My poor *Beverley* too! What muſt He have felt! The very Thought diſtracts me——To have him torn at Midnight from me!——A loathſome Priſon his Habitation! A cold damp Room his Lodging! The bleak Winds perhaps blowing upon his Pillow! No fond Wife to lull him to his Reſt! and no Reflections but to wound and tear him! ——'Tis too horrible——I wanted Love for him, or they had not forc'd him from me. They ſhou'd have parted Soul and Body firſt——I was too tame.

Char.

Char. You muſt not talk ſo. All that we cou'd we did; and *Jarvis* did the reſt——The faithful Creature will give him Comfort. Why does he delay coming!

Mrs. *Bev.* And there's another Fear. His poor Maſter may be claiming the laſt kind Office from him——His Heart perhaps is breaking.

Char. See where he comes —— His Looks are chearful too.

Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. *Bev.* Are Tears then chearful? Alas, he weeps! Speak to him, *Charlotte*——I have no Tongue to aſk him Queſtions.

Char. How does your Maſter, *Jarvis?*

Jar. I am old and fooliſh, Madam; and Tears will come before my Words —— But don't You weep; (*to Mrs.* Bev.) I have a Tale of Joy for you.

Mrs. *Bev.* What Tale?——Say but he's well, and I have Joy enough.

Jar. His Mind too ſhall be well—all ſhall be well——I have News for him that ſhall make his poor Heart bound again—Fie upon old Age—How childiſh it makes me! I have a Tale of Joy for you, and my Tears drown it.

Char. Shed 'em in Showers then, and make Haſte to tell it.

Mrs. *Bev.* What is it, *Jarvis?*

Jar. Yet why ſhou'd I rejoice when a good Man dies? Your Uncle, Madam, dy'd Yeſterday.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bev.* My Uncle!———O Heavens!

Char. How heard you of his Death?

Jar. His Steward came Expreſs, Madam — I met him in the Street, enquiring for your Lodgings ——I ſhou'd not rejoice perhaps——but he was old, and my poor Maſter a Priſoner——Now he ſhall live again — O 'tis a brave Fortune! and 'twas Death to me to ſee him a Priſoner.

Char. Where left you the Steward?

Jar. I wou'd not bring him hither, to be a Witneſs of your Diſtreſſes; and beſides, I wanted once before I die, to be the Meſſenger of Joy t'you. My good Maſter will be a Man again.

Mrs. *Bev.* Haſte, haſte then; and let us fly to him!—We are delaying our own Happineſs.

Jar. I had forgot a Coach, Madam; and *Lucy* has order'd one.

Mrs. *Bev.* Where was the Need of that? The News has given me Wings.

Char. I have no Joy, 'till my poor Brother ſhares it with me. How did he paſs the Night, *Jarvis?*

Jar. Why now, Madam, I can tell you. Like a Man dreaming of Death and Horrors. When they led him to his Cell—For 'twas a poor Apartment for my Maſter—He flung himſelf upon a wretched Bed, and lay ſpeechleſs 'till Day-break. A Sigh now and then, and a few Tears that follow'd thoſe Sighs, were all that told me he was alive. I ſpoke to him, but he wou'd not hear me; and when I perſiſted, he rais'd his Hand at

me,

me, and knit his Brow ſo——I thought he wou'd have ſtruck me.

Mrs. *Bev.* O Miſerable! But what ſaid he, *Jarvis?* Or was he ſilent all Night?

Jar. At Day-break he ſtarted from the Bed, and looking wildly at me, aſk'd who I was. I told him, and bid him be of Comfort—Begone, old Wretch, ſays he——I have ſworn never to know Comfort—My Wife! my Child! my Siſter! I have undone 'em all, and will know no Comfort—Then falling upon his Knees, he imprecated Curſes upon himſelf.

Mrs. *Bev.* This is too horrible!—But you did not leave him ſo?

Char. No, I am ſure he did not.

Jar. I had not the Heart, Madam. By Degrees I brought him to himſelf. A Shower of Tears came to his Relief; and then he call'd me his kindeſt Friend, and begg'd Forgiveneſs of me like a Child—I was a Child too, when he begg'd Forgiveneſs of me. My Heart throbb'd ſo, I cou'd not ſpeak to him. He turn'd from me for a Minute or two, and ſuppreſſing a few bitter Sighs, enquir'd after his wretched Family——Wretched was his Word, Madam——Aſk'd how you bore the Miſery of laſt Night—If you had Goodneſs enough to ſee him in Priſon——And then begg'd me to haſten to you. I told him he muſt be more himſelf firſt—He promiſed me he wou'd; and bating a few ſudden Intervals, he became

com-

compos'd and eaſy——And then I left him; but not without an Attendant —— a Servant in the Priſon, whom I hir'd to wait upon him——'Tis an Hour ſince we parted——I was prevented in my Haſte to be the Meſſenger of Joy t'you.

Mrs. *Bev.* What a Tale is this?—But we have ſtaid too long——A Coach is needleſs.

Char. Hark! I hear one at the Door.

Jar. And *Lucy* comes to tell us——We'll away this Moment.

Mrs. *Bev.* To comfort him or die with him.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Stukely's *Lodgings.*

Enter Stukely, Bates *and* Dawſon.

Stu. Here's preſumptive Evidence at leaſt—— or if we want more, why we muſt ſwear more. But all unwillingly——We gain Credit by Reluctance—I have told you how to proceed. *Beverley* muſt die —— We hunt him in View now, and muſt not ſlacken in the Chace. 'Tis either Death for Him, or Shame and Puniſhment for Us. Think of that, and remember your Inſtructions—You, *Bates*, muſt to the Priſon immediately. I wou'd be there but a few Minutes before you. And you, *Dawſon*, muſt follow in a few Minutes after. So here we divide——But anſwer me; are you reſolved upon this Buſineſs like Men?

Bates. Like Villains rather—But you may depend upon us.

Stu.

Stu. Like what we are then——You make no Anſwer, *Dawſon*——Compaſſion, I ſuppoſe, has ſeiz'd you.

Daw. No; I have diſclaim'd it—My Anſwer is *Bates*'s—You may depend upon me.

Stu. Conſider the Reward! Riches and Security! I have ſworn to divide with you to the laſt Shilling—So here we ſeparate 'till we meet in Priſon——Remember your Inſtructions and be Men. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Beverley *is diſcover'd ſitting. After a ſhort Pauſe, he ſtarts up, and comes forward.*

Bev. Why, there's an End then. I have judg'd deliberately, and the Reſult is Death. How the Self-Murderer's Account may ſtand, I know not. But this I know—The Load of hateful Life oppreſſes me too much—The Horrors of my Soul are more than I can bear—*(offers to kneel)* Father of Mercy!——I cannot pray——Deſpair has laid his Iron Hand upon me, and ſeal'd me for Perdition—Conſcience! Conſcience! thyClamours are too loud——Here's that ſhall ſilence thee. *(Takes a Vial out of his Pocket, and looks at it)* Thou art moſt friendly to the Miſerable. Come then, thou Cordial for ſick Minds——Come to my Heart. *(Drinks)* O, that the Grave wou'd bury Memory as well as Body! For if the Soul ſees and feels the Sufferings of thoſe dear Ones

it leaves behind, the Everlaſting has no Vengeance to torment it deeper——I'll think no more on't——Reflection comes too late——Once there was a Time for't —— but now 'tis paſt.—— Who's there?

Enter Jarvis.

Jar. One that hop'd to ſee you with better Looks——Why d'you turn ſo from me? I have brought Comfort with me—And ſee who comes to give it welcome.

Bev. My Wife and Siſter! Why, 'tis but one Pang more then, and farewel World. (*Aſide.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley *and* Charlotte.

Mrs. *Bev.* Where is he? (*Runs and embraces him*) O I have him! I have him! And now they ſhall never part us more --- I have News, Love, to make you happy for ever --- But don't look coldly on me.

Char. How is it, Brother?

Mrs. *Bev.* Alas! he hears us not——Speak to me, Love. I have no Heart to ſee you thus.

Bev. Nor I to bear the Senſe of ſo much Shame—This is a ſad Place.

Mrs. *Bev.* We came to take you from it. To tell you the World goes well again. That Providence has ſeen our Sorrows, and ſent the Means to help 'em—Your Uncle dy'd Yeſterday.

Bev. My Uncle! — No, do not ſay ſo—O! I am ſick at Heart!

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bev.* Indeed! —— I meant to bring you Comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives then —— If you wou'd bring me Comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs. *Bev.* And if I did —— I have no Power to raiſe the Dead —— He dy'd Yeſterday.

Bev. And I am Heir to him?

Jar. To his whole Eſtate, Sir —— But bear it patiently —— pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well —— *(Pauſing)* Why Fame ſays I am rich then?

Mrs. *Bev.* And truly ſo —— Why do you look ſo wildly?

Bev. Do I? The News was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, Sir —— He cou'd not leave it from you.

Bev. I am ſorry for it.

Char. Sorry! Why ſorry?

Bev. Your Uncle's dead, *Charlotte.*

Char. Peace be with his Soul then —— Is it ſo terrible that an old Man ſhou'd die?

Bev. He ſhou'd have been immortal.

Mrs. *Bev.* Heaven knows I wiſh'd not for his Death. 'Twas the Will of Providence that he ſhou'd die —— Why are you diſturb'd ſo?

Bev. Has Death no Terrors in it?

Mrs. *Bev.* Not an old Man's Death. Yet if it troubles you, I wiſh him living.

Bev. And I, with all my Heart.

Char. Why, what's the Matter?

Bev. Nothing—How heard you of his Death?

Mrs. *Bev.* His Steward came Expreſs. Wou'd I had never known it!

Bev. Or had heard it one Day ſooner——For I have a Tale to tell, ſhall turn you into Stone; or if the Power of Speech remain, you ſhall kneel down and curſe me.

Mrs. *Bev.* Alas! What Tale is this? And why are we to curſe you——I'll bleſs you for ever.

Bev. No; I have deſerv'd no Bleſſings. The World holds not ſuch another Wretch. All this large Fortune, this ſecond Bounty of Heaven, that might have heal'd our Sorrows, and ſatisfy'd our utmoſt Hopes, in a curs'd Hour I ſold laſt Night.

Char. Sold! How ſold!

Mrs. *Bev.* Impoſſible!——It cannot be!

Bev. That Devil *Stukely*, with all Hell to aid him, tempted me to the Deed. To pay falſe Debts of Honour, and to redeem paſt Errors, I ſold the Reverſion —— Sold it for a ſcanty Sum, and loſt it among Villains.

Char. Why, farewel all then.

Bev. Liberty and Life——Come kneel and curſe me.

Mrs. *Bev.* Then hear me, Heaven! *(Kneels)* Look down with Mercy on his Sorrows! Give Softneſs to his Looks, and Quiet to his Heart! Take from his Memory the Senſe of what is paſt,

and

and cure him of Deſpair! On Me! on Me! if Miſery muſt be the Lot of either, multiply Miſfortunes! I'll bear 'em patiently, ſo He is happy! Theſe Hands ſhall toil for his Support! Theſe Eyes be lifted up for hourly Bleſſings on him! And every Duty of a fond and faithful Wife be doubly done to chear and comfort him! —— So hear me! So reward me! *(Riſes.*

Bev. I wou'd kneel too, but that offended Heaven wou'd turn my Prayers into Curſes. What have I to aſk for? I, who have ſhook Hands with Hope? Is it for Length of Days that I ſhou'd kneel? No; My Time is limited. Or is it for this World's Bleſſings upon You and Yours? To pour out my Heart in Wiſhes for a ruin'd Wife, a Child and Siſter? O! no! For I have done a Deed to make Life horrible t'you—

Mrs. *Bev.* Why horrible? Is Poverty ſo horrible? —— The real Wants of Life are few. A little Induſtry will ſupply 'em all—— And Chearfulneſs will follow —— It is the Privilege of honeſt Induſtry, and we'll enjoy it fully.

Bev. Never, never—— O, I have told you but in Part. The irrevocable Deed is done.

Mrs. *Bev.* What Deed? — And why do you look ſo at me?

Bev. A Deed that dooms my Soul to Vengeance—That ſeals Your Miſery here, and Mine hereafter.

Mrs. *Bev.* No, no; You have a Heart too good

good for't — Alas! he raves, *Charlotte* — His Looks too terrify me—Speak Comfort to him— He can have done no Deed of Wickedneſs.

Char. And yet I fear the worſt—What is it, Brother?

Bev. A Deed of Horror.

Jar. Aſk him no Queſtions, Madam — This laſt Misfortune has hurt his Brain. A little Time will give him Patience.

Enter Stukely.

Bev. Why is this Villain here?

Stu. To give You Liberty and Safety. There, Madam's, his Diſcharge. (*Giving a Paper to Mrs.* Beverley) Let him fly this Moment. The Arreſt laſt Night was meant in Friendſhip; but came too late.

Char. What mean you, Sir?

Stu. The Arreſt was too late, I ſay; I wou'd have kept his Hands from Blood, but was too late.

Mrs. *Bev.* His Hands from Blood! — Whoſe Blood? — O, Wretch! Wretch!

Stu. From *Lewſon*'s Blood.

Char. No, Villain! Yet what of *Lewſon?* Speak quickly.

Stu. You are ignorant then! I thought I heard the Murderer at Confeſſion.

Char. What Murderer? — And who is murder'd? Not *Lewſon?* — Say he lives, and I'll kneel and worſhip you.

Stu. In Pity, ſo I wou'd; but that the Tongues

of

of all cry Murder. I came in Pity, not in Malice; to ſave the Brother, not kill the Siſter. Your *Lewſon*'s dead.

Char. O horrible! —— Why who has kill'd him? And yet it cannot be. What Crime had He committed that he ſhou'd die? Villain! he lives! he lives! and ſhall revenge theſe Pangs.

Mrs. *Bev.* Patience, ſweet *Charlotte.*

Char. O, 'tis too much for Patience!

Mrs. *Bev.* He comes in Pity, he ſays! O! execrable Villain! The Friend is kill'd then, and this the Murderer?

Bev. Silence, I charge you——Proceed Sir.

Stu. No. Juſtice may ſtop the Tale——and here's an Evidence.

Enter Bates.

Bates. The News, I ſee, has reach'd you. But take Comfort, Madam. (*To* Char.) There's one Without enquiring for you——Go to him, and loſe no Time.

Char. O Miſery! Miſery! (*Exit.*

Mrs. *Bev.* Follow her, *Jarvis.* If it be true that *Lewſon*'s dead, her Grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis muſt ſtay here, Madam. I have ſome Queſtions for him.

Stu. Rather let him fly. His Evidence may cruſh his Maſter.

Bev. Why ay; this looks like Management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with *Lewſon* in the Street laſt Night. (*To* Bev.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bev.* No; I am ſure he did not.

Jar. Or if I did——

Mrs. *Bev.* 'Tis falſe, old Man——They had no Quarrel; there was no Cauſe for Quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I ſay—O! I am ſick! ſick!—Reach a Chair. (*He ſits down.*

Mrs. *Bev.* You droop, and tremble, Love.—Your Eyes are fixt too—Yet You are innocent. If *Lewſon*'s dead, You kill'd him not.

Enter Dawſon.

Stu. Who ſent for *Dawſon?*

Bates. 'Twas I—We have a Witneſs too, you little think of—Without there!

Stu. What Witneſs?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

Enter Lewſon *and* Charlotte.

Stu. Lewſon! O Villains! Villains! (*To* Bates *and* Dawſon.

Mrs. *Bev.* Riſen from the Dead! Why, this is unexpected Happineſs!

Char. Or is't his Ghoſt? (*To* Stukely) That Sight wou'd pleaſe you, Sir.

Jar. What Riddle's this?

Bev. Be quick and tell it—My Minutes are but few.

Mrs. *Bev.* Alas! why ſo? You ſhall live long and happily.

Lew. While Shame and Puniſhment ſhall rack that Viper (*Pointing to* Stukely) The Tale is ſhort—I was too buſy in his Secrets, and therefore doom'd

doom'd to die. *Bates*, to prevent the Murder, underſtand it—I kept aloof to give it Credit.—

Char. And give Me Pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt 'em all, and wou'd have told you —But Vengeance wanted ripening. The Villain's Scheme was but half executed. The Arreſt by *Dawſon* follow'd the ſuppoſed Murder— And now, depending on his once wicked Aſſociates, he comes to fix the Guilt on *Beverley*.

Mrs. *Bev.* O! execrable Wretch!

Bates. *Dawſon* and I are Witneſſes of this.

Lew. And of a thouſand Frauds. His Fortune ruin'd by Sharpers and falſe Dice; and *Stukely* ſole Contriver and Poſſeſſor of all.

Daw. Had he but ſtopt on this Side Murder, we had been Villains ſtill.

Mrs. *Bev.* Thus Heaven turns Evil into Good; and by permitting Sin, warns Men to Virtue.

Lew. Yet puniſhes the Inſtrument. So ſhall our Laws; tho' not with Death. But Death were Mercy. Shame, Beggary, and Impriſonment, unpity'd Miſery, the Stings of Conſcience, and the Curſes of Mankind ſhall make Life hateful to him —— till at laſt, his own Hand end him ——— How does my Friend? (*To* Bev.

Bev. Why, well. Who's he that aſks me?

Mrs. *Bev.* 'Tis *Lewſon*, Love——Why do you look ſo at him?

Bev. They told me he was murder'd. *(Wildly.)*

Mrs. *Bev.* Ay; but he lives to ſave us.

Bev. Lend me your Hand—The Room turns round.

Mrs. *Bev.* O Heaven!

Lew. This Villain here diſturbs him. Remove him from his Sight——And for your Lives ſee that you guard him. (Stukely *is taken off by* Dawſon *and* Bates.) How is it, Sir?

Bev. 'Tis here —— and here *(Pointing to his Head and Heart.)* And now it tears me!

Mrs. *Bev.* You feel convuls'd too —— What is't diſturbs you?

Lew. This ſudden Turn of Joy perhaps—— He wants Reſt too—Laſt Night was dreadful to him. His Brain is giddy.

Char. Ay, never to be cur'd—Why, Brother! —O! I fear! I fear!

Mrs. *Bev.* Preſerve him, Heaven! —— My Love! my Life! look at me! — How his Eyes flame!

Bev. A Furnace rages in this Heart — I have been too haſty.

Mrs. *Bev.* Indeed! —— O me! O me! —— Help, *Jarvis!* Fly, fly for Help! Your Maſter dies elſe.——Weep not, but fly! *(Ex.* Jar.) What is this haſty Deed? —— Yet do not anſwer me ——— My Fears have gueſs'd

Bev.

Bev. Call back the Meſſenger——'Tis not in Medicine's Power to help me.

Mrs. *Bev.* Is it then ſo?

Bev. Down, reſtleſs Flames!——*(Laying his Hand on his Heart)* down to your native Hell——There you ſhall rack me——O! for a Pauſe from Pain!

Mrs. *Bev.* Help, *Charlotte!* Support him, Sir! *(To* Lewſon) This is a killing Sight!

Bev. That Pang was well——It has numb'd my Senſes.——Where's my Wife?——Can you forgive me, Love?

Mrs. *Bev.* Alas! for what?

Bev. (Starting again) And there's another Pang——Now all is quiet——Will you forgive me?

Mrs. *Bev.* I will——Tell me for what?

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs. *Bev.* No——do not ſay it.

Bev. As truly as my Soul muſt anſwer it——Had *Jarvis* ſtaid this Morning, all had been well. But preſs'd by Shame——pent in a Priſon——tormented with my Pangs for You—driven to Deſpair and Madneſs——I took the Advantage of his Abſence, corrupted the poor Wretch he left to guard me, and——ſwallow'd Poiſon.

Mrs. *Bev.* O! fatal Deed!

Char. Dreadful and cruel!

Bev. Ay, moſt accurs'd——And now I go to my Account. This Reſt from Pain brings Death; yet 'tis Heaven's Kindneſs to me. I wiſh'd for Eaſe, a Moment's Eaſe, that cool Repentance and Contrition might ſoften Vengeance——Bend me, and let me kneel. *(They lift him from his Chair, and ſupport him on his Knees)* I'll pray for You too. Thou Power that madeſt me, hear me! If for a Life of Frailty, and this too haſty Deed of Death, thy Juſtice dooms me, here I acquit the Sentence. But if, enthron'd in Mercy where thou ſit'ſt, thy Pity has beheld me, ſend me a Gleam of Hope; that in theſe laſt and bitter Moments my Soul may taſte of Comfort! And for theſe Mourners here, O! let their Lives be peaceful, and their Deaths happy!—— Now raiſe me. *(They lift him to the Chair.*

Mrs. *Bev.* Reſtore him, Heaven! Stretch forth thy Arm omnipotent, and ſnatch him from the Grave!——O ſave him! ſave him!

Bev. Alas! that Prayer is fruitleſs. Already Death has ſeiz'd me—Yet Heaven is gracious—I aſk'd for Hope, as the bright Preſage of Forgiveneſs, and like a Light, blazing thro' Darkneſs, it came and chear'd me———'Twas all I liv'd for, and now I die.

Mrs. *Bev.* Not yet!——Not yet!——Stay but a little and I'll die too.

Bev. No; live, I charge you.——We have a little

little One. Tho' I have left him, You will not leave him.——To *Lewſon*'s Kindneſs I bequeath him—Is not this *Charlotte?* We have liv'd in Love, tho' I have wrong'd you—Can you forgive me, *Charlotte?*

Char. Forgive you!—O my poor Brother!

Bev. Lend me your Hand, Love.—So—raiſe me—No—'twill not be—My Life is finiſh'd—O! for a few ſhort Moments! to tell you how my Heart bleeds for you—That even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of Hereafter, my boſom Pang is for Your Miſeries. Support her Heaven! —— And now I go——O, Mercy! Mercy! (*Dies.*

Lew. Then all is over——How is it, Madam? ——My poor *Charlotte* too!

Enter Jarvis.

Jar. How does my Maſter, Madam? Here's Help at Hand——Am I too too late then?

(*Seeing* Beverley.

Char. Tears! Tears! Why fall you not?—— O wretched Siſter! — Speak to her, *Lewſon*— Her Grief is ſpeechleſs.

Lew. Remove her from this Sight;—Go to her *Jarvis* — Lead and ſupport her. Sorrow like Her's forbids Complaint—Words are for lighter Griefs—Some miniſtring Angel bring her Peace!

(Jar. *and* Char. *lead her off.*

And

And Thou, poor breathleſs Corpſe, may thy departed Soul have found the Reſt it pray'd for! Save but one Error, and this laſt fatal Deed, thy Life was lovely. Let frailer Minds take Warning; and from Example learn, that Want of Prudence is Want of Virtue.

Follies, if uncontroul'd, of every Kind,
Grow into Paſſions, and ſubdue the Mind;
With Senſe and Reaſon hold ſuperior Strife,
And conquer Honour, Nature, Fame and Life.

FINIS.

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Dramatis Perſonæ,

When Revived 1771.

Beverley,	*Mr.* Reddiſh.
Lewſon,	*Mr.* Cautherly.
Stukely,	*Mr.* Palmer.
Jarvis,	*Mr.* Aikin.
Bates,	*Mr.* Packer.
Dawſon,	*Mr.* J. Aickin.
Waiter,	*Mr.* Wheeler.
Charlotte,	*Mrs.* Reddiſh.
Lucy,	*Mrs.* Davies.
Mrs. Beverley,	*Mrs.* Baddeley.

Dramatis Personæ,

When Revived 1771.

Beverley,	Mr. Reddish.
Lewlon,	Mr. Cautherly.
Sunkely,	Mr. Palmer.
Jarvis,	Mr. Aikin.
Bates,	Mr. Packer.
Dawlon,	Mr. J. Aikin.
Walter,	Mr. Wheeler.
Charlotte,	Mrs. Reddish.
Lucy,	Mrs. Davies.
Mrs. Beverley,	Mrs. Baddeley.

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